

THE BATTLEFIELD



1915



margaret Daingerfield Reamy.



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The Rattlefield

"The time has come" the Walrus said,
To talk of many things.

State Normal School
Fredericksburg, Va.
1914-1915



RUSSELL HALL, FRONTING GROVE



*MAKE A JOYFUL NOISE!
*ALL YE MAIDENS!!

SING! PRAISE! GIVE THANKS!
FOR WONDERFUL THINGS HAVE COME TO PASS!
THE ANNUAL!! ~ CHILD OF OUR DREAMS,
HOPES, AND AMBITIONS HAS COME TO PRESS!
WE SEND IT FORTH UNASHAMED, UNAFRAID, BUT
OUR HEARTS GO WITH IT. TREAT IT GENTLY!!!
O CRITIC! AND SEND IT BACK TO OUR OPEN
ARMS TO CHERISH THRU OUR LIVES AS A REMINDER
OF THE DAYS THAT ARE PAST. ~ ~ ~ ~

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T BUNYAN YATES TYNER

TO WHOSE WISE COUNSEL AND GUIDANCE WE ARE SO DEEPLY
INDEBTED AND WHOSE UNTIRING ENERGY HAS
BEEN EXPENDED WITHOUT RESERVE
IN OUR BEHALF THE 1915
BATTLEFIELD
IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED
BY THE
SENIOR CLASS

Appreciation



THE members of the Editorial Staff of THE BATTLEFIELD feel that the volume would be incomplete without an expression of their gratitude to the Faculty Committee for the assistance which it has given them: To Mr. A. B. Chandler, Dean of the School, for services rendered in the Business Department; to Miss Olive M. Hinman, for her beautiful illustrations and aid in the Art Department; to Miss Virginia M. Goobrick, whose cleverness has contributed many bright touches to the Wit Department; to Miss Dora J. Dadmum, for her originality and untiring efforts in the Literary Department; and to Miss Ethel Black, whose interest and enthusiasm have lent much to the Athletic and Alumnae Department.

To this Committee, which in a great measure has made possible this annual, we wish to express our sincere appreciation.



The Battlefield Staff



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We'll Always Stick Together!



Tune: Stein Song.

Give a cheer, then, for our school days,
For the place where we have spent
Such sad days and such glad days,
As from task to task we went.

|| Fair or foul the weather,
We'll always stick together,
With a heart that is loyal
To the coral and blue green. ||

We are leaving friends loved dearly,
Those who've loved and taught with care,
Those who've made us see more clearly
And who've helped us do and dare.

To a broader life we're turning
And a work that's bigger still;
Other lessons we'll be learning;
Other places will we fill.

SOPH BROOKING.

CLASS 1915

"BORN NOT FOR OURSELVES BUT
FOR THE WHOLE WORLD"

CORAL AND BLUE-GREEN * * BONSLINE ROSE

THE PRESIDENT
THE VICE-PRESIDENT
THE SECRETARY
THE TREASURER
THE CLASS HISTORIAN
THE CLASS PROPAGAT
THE CLASS EDITOR
THE CLASS SONG
THE CLASS ATTORNEY
ATHLETIC REPRESENTATIVE
THE CLASS POET

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RUTH CARTER
LOUISE HENDLEY
ANNE HARRIS
SOPHONIA BROOKING
HELEN NORTHROP
MARGARET SACREY
THELISA LYNCH



MURIEL DOROTHEA BARBER

Fredericksburg, Virginia

MANUAL ARTS DIPLOMA.

"As merry as the day is long."

The Handicrafters.



ALVA CONSTANCE BIRMINGHAM

Fredericksburg, Virginia

FULL DIPLOMA.

"Laugh and the world laughs with you,"

Russell Literary Society.

Y. W. C. A.



VIRGINIA FRANKLIN BOLEN

Culpeper, Virginia

FULL DIPLOMA.

"In books, or work, or healthful play."

Secretary, Russell Literary Society.

Y. W. C. A.

Treasurer, Athletic Association.

Shawondasee Camp Fire.

School Basket-ball Team.

Class Basket-ball Team.

Tennis Club.



JOYCE EDMONDS BRADFORD

Keller, Virginia

FULL DIPLOMA.

"A face with gladness overspread."

Y. W. C. A.

Glee Club.

Russell Literary Society.



EFFIE VIRGINIA BROADDUS

Smoots, Virginia

FULL DIPLOMA.

"Not mastered by some modern term; not swift
nor slow to change, but firm."

Russell Literary Society.

Mudjukewis Camp Fire.

Y. W. C. A.



JANE SOPHRONIA BROOKING

Orange, Virginia

MANUAL ARTS DIPLOMA.

"Good humor only teaches charm to last."

Y. W. C. A.

Woodrow Wilson Literary Society.

Wilderness Camp Fire.

The Handicrafters.

Author of the Class Song.



NANNIE PAGE BURRUSS

Daniel, Virginia

FULL DIPLOMA.

"She doeth little kindnesses, which most leave undone,
or despise."

Russell Literary Society.

Y. W. C. A.



ANNIE ELIZABETH CARTER

Atlanta, Georgia

FULL DIPLOMA.

"Gentle of speech, beneficent of mind."

Woodrow Wilson Literary Society.

Glee Club.

Shawondasee Camp Fire.

Y. W. C. A.



RUTH RAMSEY CARTER

Upper Zion, Virginia

FULL DIPLOMA.

"Those about her shall learn from her the perfect
ways of honor."

Secretary of Y. W. C. A.

Shawondasee Camp Fire.

Woodrow Wilson Literary Society.

Class Historian.

Executive Committee of Student Government Association.

Alumnae Editor of BATTLEFIELD.



ELIZABETH CARDWELL CHENERY II

Ashland, Virginia

FULL DIPLOMA.

"The hand that follows intellect can achieve."

Editor-in-Chief BATTLEFIELD.
Vice-President, Student Government Association.
Woodrow Wilson Literary Society.
President, Glee Club. President, Dramatic Club.
Secretary, Senior Class. Y. W. C. A.
Shawondasee Camp Fire.
Better-to-Sew-My-Dear Club.
Nameless Nymphs.



RUTH ELMORE CLARKSON

Sharps, Virginia

FULL DIPLOMA.

"Thou driestest gently down the tides of sleep."

Glee Club.
Battleground Camp Fire.
Russell Literary Society.
Y. W. C. A.
Mether Goose Club.



MARY TEMPLE COLEMAN

Daisy, Virginia

FULL DIPLOMA.

"Thy modesty's a candle to thy merit."

Woodrow Wilson Literary Society.
Y. W. C. A.
Tennis Club.



LILLIAN KENNERLY CRAIG

Deerfield, Virginia

FULL DIPLOMA.

"Not over serious, not too gay, but a rare good fellow."

Mudjukewis Camp Fire,
Woodrow Wilson Literary Society.



MARTQUA THERESA DANNEHL

Fredericksburg, Virginia

FULL DIPLOMA.

"Hang sorrow!
Care will kill a cat."

Glee Club.
Dramatic Club.
Wilderness Camp Fire.
Class Basket-ball Team.
School Basket-ball Team.



BEULAH MAE DETWILER

Herndon, Virginia

FULL DIPLOMA.

"A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent."

Vice-President, Senior Class.
Censor for Woodrow Wilson Literary Society. First Term.
Y. W. C. A. Cabinet.
Shawondasee Camp Fire.
Tennis Club.
Nightingale Club.



HELEN CAMPBELL GARDNER

Apple Grove, Virginia

FULL DIPLOMA.

"Her acts are modest and her words discreet."

The Handicrafters.

Treasurer of Woodrow Wilson Literary Society.



EDNA LILLIAN GIBBS

Cape Charles, Virginia

FULL DIPLOMA.

"Her eyes as stars of twilight fair,
Like twilight too her dusky hair."

Woodrow Wilson Literary Society.

Rifle Club.

Y. W. C. A.

Battleground Camp Fire.



SARAH ELIZABETH GOULDMAN

Fredericksburg, Virginia

FULL DIPLOMA.

"On their own merits modest women are dumb."



MARY FRANCES HARRELL

Fredericksburg, Virginia

FULL DIPLOMA.

"The calm of self-reliance."

Glee Club.

Assistant Editor-in-Chief BATTLEFIELD.



ANNE MILLS HARRIS

Apple Grove, Virginia

FULL DIPLOMA.

"Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame."

Class Editor.

Class Treasurer.

Treasurer, Woodrow Wilson Literary Society. First Term.

Y. W. C. A. Cabinet.

Student Government Executive Committee.

Wilderness Camp Fire.

Better-to-Sew-My-Dear Club.

Nightingale Club.



LOUISE RANDOLPH HENLEY, Φ

Norfolk, Virginia

FULL DIPLOMA.

"What is life if not fun?
I count a day ill spent that's seen
No work of mischief done."

Dramatic Club.

Tennis Club.

Better-to-Sew-My-Dear Club.

Shawondasee Camp Fire.

Nightingale Club.

Executive Committee, Student Government Association.

Y. W. C. A.

Nameless Nymphs.

Woodrow Wilson Literary Society.

School Basket-ball Team.

Glee Club.

Class Prophet.

Class Team.



FANNIE WINSTON HITER

Louisa, Virginia

FULL DIPLOMA.

"A quiet little girl with a quiet little way."

Wilderness Camp Fire.



MARTHA SCOTT HUGHES

Burkeville, Virginia

FULL DIPLOMA.

"And still the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all (s)he knew."

Executive Committee, Woodrow Wilson Literary
Society.

Vice-President, Woodrow Wilson Literary Society.
Second Term.

Treasurer, Y. W. C. A.



MARY JOSEPHINE JERRELL

Fredericksburg, Virginia

FULL DIPLOMA.

"A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food."



JANET MARIE LA CROSSE

Hampton, Virginia

MANUAL ARTS DIPLOMA.

"Her ways are ways of pleasantness."

Vice-President, Y. W. C. A.
Business Manager of BATTLEFIELD.
Battleground Camp Fire.
Dramatic Club.
Treasurer, Glee Club.
The Handicrafters.
Woodrow Wilson Literary Society.
Captain, School Basket-ball Team.
Class Basket-ball Team.



JULIA LOUISE LEWIS, Φ

Morattico, Virginia

FULL DIPLOMA. MANUAL ARTS DIPLOMA.

She is not only witty in herself, but the cause of wit that is in others.

Vice-President of Russell Literary Society. First Term.
President of Russell Literary Society. Second Term.
Treasurer, Dramatic Club.
Mother Goose Club.
Rifle Club.
Wit Editor of BATTLEFIELD.
Battleground Camp Fire.
Tennis Club.
Secretary of Athletic Association.
The Handicrafters.



BEALMEAR DARE LINTHICUM

Fredericksburg, Virginia

FULL DIPLOMA.

"On with the dance."

Wilderness Camp Fire.
Nameless Nymphs.



MARY ELIZABETH McDONNELL

Fredericksburg, Virginia

FULL DIPLOMA.

"Be silent and safe. Silence never betrays you."



ELIZABETH RIDGELY NINDE

Fredericksburg, Virginia

FULL DIPLOMA.

"Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn."

Glee Club.

Dramatic Club.



HELEN MARGARET NORTHROP

Fredericksburg, Virginia

MANUAL ARTS DIPLOMA.

"Blessed with that charm, the certainty to please."

Dramatic Club.

The Handicrafters.

Honorary Member of the Nightingales.

Tennis Club.

Art Editor of the BATTLEFIELD.



NANNIE WALLER PARKER

Mount Landing, Virginia

MANUAL ARTS DIPLOMA. FULL DIPLOMA.

"Joking decides great things, stronger and better oft
than earnestness can."

Better-to-Sew. My Dear. Club.

Director of Nightingale Club.

Vice-President of Russell Literary Society.

Vice-President of Dramatic Club.

Y. W. C. A.

Chairman Y. W. C. A. Poster Committee.

The Handicrafters. Mother Goose Club.

Rifle Club. Battleground Camp Fire.



RACHEL RAY PEARCE

Richmond, Virginia

FULL DIPLOMA.

"Ever in smiles—never dreary."

Class Team.

Woodrow Wilson Literary Society.

Y. W. C. A.



ALMA LUCILLE RAIFORD

Southampton, Virginia

FULL DIPLOMA.

"The smiles that win, the truth that glows,
But tell of days in goodness spent."

School Basket-ball Team.

Class Basket-ball Team.

Censor of the Woodrow Wilson Literary Society.

Treasurer of the Shawondasee Camp Fire.

Y. W. C. A.



LUCILE BEVERLY RAWLINGS

Fredericksburg, Virginia

FULL DIPLOMA.

"A daughter of the gods;
Divinely tall, and most divinely fair."

Ishkoodah Camp Fire.



CHARLOTTE EUGENIA RICE

Heathsville, Virginia

FULL DIPLOMA.

"Better be small and shine than great and cast a shadow."

President of the Russell Literary Society. First Term.

Chairman of the Executive Committee. Second Term.

President of the Tennis Club.

First Lieutenant of the Rifle Club.

Y. W. C. A.

Shawondasee Camp Fire.

Nightingale Club.



JULIA LATANE RICE

Ozeona, Virginia

FULL DIPLOMA.

"Silence is more eloquent than words."

Y. W. C. A.

Woodrow Wilson Literary Society.



MARJORIE THURBER RIKER

Ashland, Virginia

MANUAL ARTS DIPLOMA.

"So well to know
Her own, that what she wills to do or say,
Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best."

President, Y. W. C. A.
President, Senior Class.
Woodrow Wilson Literary Society.
Glee Club.
Shawondasee Camp Fire.
Student Government Executive Committee.
Assistant Art Editor of the BATTLEFIELD.
The Handicrafters.



SHIRLEY ELIZABETH RUSSELL

Fredericksburg, Virginia

FULL DIPLOMA.

"Come and trip it as you go
On the light, fantastic toe."

President of the Nameless Nymphs.



MARGARET STANLEY SACREY

Fredericksburg, Virginia

FULL DIPLOMA.

"There is grace in all her movements."

Glee Club.
Dramatic Club.
Wilderness Camp Fire.
Class Basket-ball Team.
School Basket-ball Team.
Athletic Representative, Senior Class.



MARGARET FRANCES SAYRE

Hampton, Virginia

MANUAL ARTS DIPLOMA.

"The most manifest sign of wisdom is continued cheerfulness."

Editor-in-Chief of BATTLEFIELD (Resigned).
President, Woodrow Wilson Literary Society. First Term.

Y. W. C. A. Cabinet.
Battleground Camp Fire.
The Handicrafters.
Mother Goose Club.
Better-to-Sew Club.
Nightingale Club.



ROSALIE MAUDE SEAY

Benington, Virginia

FULL DIPLOMA.

"Labor, well directed, will achieve all things."

Y. W. C. A.
Glee Club.
Woodrow Wilson Literary Society.
Assistant Editor of THE TATTLER.



JOSEPHINE CHRISTIE SHIELDS

Roanoke, Virginia

HOUSEHOLD ARTS DIPLOMA.

"I'm little, but I'm loud."

Secretary of Nameless Nymphs.
The Handicrafters.
Dramatic Club.
Y. W. C. A.



SARAH BURKE SPINDLE

Loretto, Virginia

FULL DIPLOMA.

"Never idle a moment, but thrifty and thoughtful of others."

Y. W. C. A.
Woodrow Wilson Literary Society.



GRACE KINNIER TANNER

Roanoke, Virginia

HOUSEHOLD ARTS DIPLOMA.

"For nothing lovelier can be found
In woman than to study household good."

Woodrow Wilson Literary Society.
Secretary of Tennis Club.
Captain of Rifle Club.
The Handicrafters.
Y. W. C. A. Cabinet.



NORINE KING TENNIS

Hampton, Virginia

MANUAL ARTS DIPLOMA.

"Alas! Alas! I see thou art in love."

Woodrow Wilson Literary Society.
Wilderness Camp Fire.
The Handicrafters.



MANNIE DALBY TORBERT

Chesapeake, Virginia

FULL DIPLOMA.

"The mildest manner and the gentlest heart."

Woodrow Wilson Literary Society.
 Battleground Camp Fire.
 Glee Club.
 Y. W. C. A.



ALICE EASON WARREN

Cape Charles, Virginia

FULL DIPLOMA.

"Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast."

Y. W. C. A. Cabinet.
 Secretary of Dramatic Club.
 Member of the Rifle Club.
 Executive Committee, Woodrow Wilson Literary
 Society.
 Battleground Camp Fire.
 Mother Goose Club.
 Club Editor of BATTLEFIELD.



ELSIE ALLAN WOOD

Fredericksburg, Virginia

FULL DIPLOMA.

"This world's future may from me demand but little
 of my care."



TERESA INEZ LYNCH //Σ

Winchester, Virginia

FULL DIPLOMA.

"She throbs with an overmastering energy—knowing and doing."

President of Student Government Association.
Vice-President, Woodrow Wilson Literary Society.
First Term.
President of Woodrow Wilson Literary Society.
Second Term.
Dramatic Club.
Nightingales.
Leader of Nameless Nymphs.
Shawondasee Camp Fire.
Class Poet.

Class Poem



This sweet June day as 'neath the radiant sky
We stand half free from care, half with a sigh
Gazing into each classmate's face so bright,
Dreading the parting which must come tonight;

Now that the longed-for day has come at last,
We think of all our school days which are past—
Those spent in feasts, in mirth and frolic gay,
Which stealthily and silently have slipped away.

As this same class enters the larger life
With all its cares and never-ending strife,
Though in this world we'll labor; yet I ween,
We'll ne'er forget our class, 1915.

Thus ends my song on this sweet summer day,
And now on Life's tide, we must sail away.
Life's ocean calls us and we cannot stay;
We must 'mong workers buffet with its spray.

* * * * *

As we leave this joy and all this gladness
There comes upon us a feeling of sadness,
Farewell, Alma Mater, where sweet memories lie,
Fond teachers, loved classmates, a long good-bye.

TERESA INEZ LYNCH.

Just Us!

We are gay as the birds this morning and our hearts are very light,
For our lessons all are finished and our books packed out of sight;
The training school road we are leaving for other untried ways,
For we're here to say good-by now to our happy Normal days.

We've been glad and sorry together, but the joy has outweighed the pain;
We have fought the battles for wisdom with all of our might and main;
And those we've lost have helped us as truly as those we've won,
For the lesson each one brought us can never be undone.

We shall laugh together this morning—even June with us is gay;
Since faithfully we've labored, we've earned the right to play.
We shall ever be united, even though the morrow finds
Our feet on separate life paths; one hope our spirit binds.

There's a cottage by the seashore, a camp on the river's brink;
For us all our homes are waiting and oftentimes we think
How soon our summer'll be over and the schoolroom doors swing wide
On the scene of the work we have chosen and the children we're to guide.

VIRGINIA BOLEN.

Memories of the Senior Class



It had been five years since the eventful Commencement night when the Senior Class of 1915 stood upon the threshold of a wider field of service. My life since that time had been one of rich and varied experiences, but I had remained true to my profession—I was still a school teacher.

One dreary afternoon I sat in my room on the verge of bursting into tears at what I deemed my miserable failures of the day. Everything all day had apparently gone wrong. While I sat brooding on my many trials and tribulations, there suddenly passed before my mind's eye a panoramic view of the four happy years spent at Fredericksburg. Somehow I had forgotten the joy of those days!

I was back again in the train one sultry September afternoon, being slowly carried to Fredericksburg. On all sides sat girls bound for the same place; some, with laughing and happy voices, endeavored to conceal the home-sick feeling that threatened to overwhelm them; others, whose "weepy-looking" eyes plainly indicated that it was their first experience away from "mamma" and "papa." The train stopped, and such a bustling as there was!

Then came the arrival at the school, not the beautiful and well-loved spot of today, but incomplete and uninviting buildings, with no grassy lawn nor cement walks. Scores of girls had already arrived from all parts of the State on earlier trains and on the boat. Our beloved Miss Forbes gave us a cordial welcome and assigned us our respective rooms. After a time we timidly ventured forth to investigate the place which was to be our home for the next nine months. Many of us soon found congenial companions and began chatting gayly together of home and friends and planning for the study so soon to begin.

The next few days were busy ones. It required the combined efforts of almost the entire Faculty to classify us, but the task was finally accomplished and school life really began.

Twenty-eight of us considered ourselves quite fortunate to be enrolled as members of the Freshman Class. We were proud of our class, and well we might have been, for didn't we win the Trophy Cup that year and perform a thousand other feats as wonderful?

I saw again the girls come trooping back to school the following autumn, happy in spirit and eager to receive the title of Sophomores. This year our numbers divided. Fourteen girls passed into the Junior Class and were among the graduates of 1914. These chanced to be the best athletes of the class, and when Field Day came again the Junior Class and not the Sophomores was the happy possessor of the much-desired cup. But eight girls from the original class and the four new members still preserved our reputation of perseverance and class loyalty, for we figured prominently in all the contests, and on Field Day we won five "perfectly good" whole points, much credit being due to four

Memories of the Senior Class.

of our girls, whose swift running placed them third in a relay race. Latane Rice's skill in "handling potatoes on the run" was worthy of praise. We were much elated over our success, despite the fact that the Sophomore's five points became the joke of the day.

Many pleasant memories of that year's work came to me as I sat thinking of the past. I recalled the English class with delight. Miss Dadmun, our dear friend and teacher, introduced us for the first time to poetry, and we had the honor of writing the amusing limericks on the Seniors of 1913. As a climax to this delightful work we were entertained one afternoon by Miss Dadmun. We felt so important to be able to answer the inquiry as to whom we had been with, "Why, we've been having tea with the English teacher." One of the brilliant achievements of this class was the writing of a real story. My! but that seemed a laborious task then; but, as I thought of it again, it was with pleasure.

Again I saw my class plunged beneath the waves of Theory and Methods, with innumerable lesson plans for life-preservers. We were no longer the "happy dozen," for the Junior Class now numbered seventy-eight. Nine Freshmen, because of their "extreme brilliancy" and having made up the required work, were admitted to full Junior privileges. We gave them a warm welcome, for they were girls we loved. Fifteen other girls from the same class, impatient to win greatness at a single stroke, ignored the honor of being Sophomores and joined our ranks as Abridged Juniors. Forty-two new girls were also greeted as our Junior sisters.

This year was one to be ever remembered! A year in which pleasure and hard work were inextricably mingled.

No single classroom was large enough to contain seventy-eight active minds at the same time, so our class was divided into two sections. It put double work on our instructors, but this was lost sight of by us, so engrossed were we with our seemingly endless tasks. It was not all work, though, as many a Junior has so often contended; but there was plenty of fun, too. In Mr. Chandler's classes both sections met in a great body. Our minds being so imbued with social ideas by Mr. Tyner, and there being "no impression without expression," Room Seven was named by us the "Social Center." The amusing incidents which happened there and from which the room derived its name were never permitted to reach Mr. Chandler's ears. If such had been the case, I fear many of us would have lost our illustrious reputations.

Other far more important things now arose before me. I felt once more the excitement of the grand basket-ball contest and the thrill of victory. What team was equal to ours? We looked in astonishment at their wonderful pass-work and brilliant plays. Then contest after contest came off, and each time our class either won the first or the second place. How elated we felt! We were vain enough to think that the cup would be ours. When Field Day at last arrived our participants in the various contests entered with the same old pluck and daring, and at last the suspense was over and we had won.

Once more I recalled the Queen of May for that year, Janet La Crosse, loved and admired by all. With what queenly grace she moved in and out among her schoolmates! We were proud that one from our class had been given this honor.

Memories of the Senior Class.

One of the chief features of this year was the reception given in honor of the Seniors. Much enjoyment was afforded to our guests by a presentation of the "Shades of the Past" when they saw themselves as we had seen them.

The three short summer months had rolled swiftly by, and for the last time I saw our class pass into a wider and fuller experience. More changes came to our class. Out of the vast "host" of the preceding year only forty-three returned to experience the joys and sorrows of a Senior's career. Our one regret was that our efficient President, Eliza Pierce, was unable to return to us. We were glad to greet Rachel Pearce and Grace Tanner as members of the same distinguished body. They were former students of the school, and it was only their great wisdom which prompted them to return at this opportune time—to enjoy the privilege of graduating with us. Louise Lewis, Ruth Clarkson and Nannie Waller Parker, whose names could have been found among the graduates of the preceding year, loved study so well that they returned to school and became Manual Arts Seniors.

The adjustment to the Senior rights and privileges was a long and gradual process. It was so much so that when the first ball game of that year came off we found our side yelling for the Juniors. But with daily contact with such venerable and learned gentlemen as Monroe, Horne, Dutton, Snedden, and countless others worthy of note, we no longer proved to be a "Problem of Educational Readjustment," and lo! before we realized it we had been transformed into fearfully dignified Seniors. At any rate, the Preps and Sub-Preps considered us as such.

Our joy was unbounded when our unconquerable team was chosen to represent the school in a game with the Richmond Y. W. C. A. team, which held the reputation of never having lost a game. As usual, our team's playing was unexcelled and victory was ours. The various class games took place, and each time our team retained the class honor and reputation.

It was not only in the field of athletics that the girls of our class won distinction. It was through their efforts that student government was instituted. In spite of the fact that we found it hard to keep the many rules, nevertheless we enjoyed the privilege of self-government. How proud we were that our class would be recorded in the history of the school for having taken the initiative in the establishment of the Student Government Association of the school!

What thoughts were ours of the Training School! We lay awake through the long watches of the night and planned how best to obtain and to hold the attention of "Johnny" and "Mary." We soon realized that the beautiful theories that continually danced in our heads did not work out when put into practical application. Though the Training School at first held many terrors for us, they were soon forgotten, and we came from under its refining influence full-fledged teachers, ready to fight life's battles.

I raised my head; the fire in the grate had burned low. I rubbed my eyes to discover what had happened.

"Oh!" I exclaimed, "I must have been dreaming; I thought I was a school girl again."

Yes, dear friends, it was only a day-dream of the past, but the memories that will never lose their joy, each time recalled, are those of the days spent at the Fredericksburg Normal School.

RUTH CARTER.

"AND SHOULD-IT-SUB-DEY-FANTASIE RYDE-HERE-DEY-NAME-FOR-MEMORIE"

Eleanor Echols Taylor, Charlotte E. Rice

Helen C. Gardner

June E. Monroe.

Augusta Dwight

Mavis Ward.

Fannie London

Helena Turner

Leane & Lippin

Marjorie T. Riker

Elizabeth C. Cheney

Lillian Roberts

Ellie W. Welch

Lucile Hose Boggs

Elizabeth Harris

J. Lyneh

Minnie J. Davis

Mattie P. Hughes

Grace P. Jones

Rachel Ray Pearson

Anne Mills Harris.

Fannie May Morgan

Helen H. Traine.

Garland Straughan

Nora E. Sydney

Viola W. Matthews.

Wate M. Pango

Class Prophecy



“All things come to him who waits,” they say, but I was growing tired of waiting. I was even beginning to doubt the veracity of that saying, for hadn’t I waited and waited in vain for the power of clairvoyance to descend on me? At last I grew despairing and almost gave up hope. But as I gazed into the mirror over the mantel, trying my hardest to formulate some plan for reading the future fortunes of my classmates, more effective than waiting, suddenly I seemed to see right through the mirror and there, much to my astonishment and delight, was the Wonderland Alice herself beckoning me to come to her. Jumping up from my chair, I ran to the mantel and climbed up, thinking I would soon have the mysteries of that wonderful “Looking-Glass Land” opened to me. But no such good fortune was to be mine, for, instead of melting away as I had expected it to do, the glass remained as solid as ever. Alice beckoned again, this time motioning to me to move over to the left side of the mirror as far as possible and peep through. I obeyed her instructions as best I could, having

a hard time to remain on the narrow mantel, and when I looked into the glass, what should I see but a great auditorium filled with people. At the end was a stage, and I saw that the curtain was slowly rising.

“That is the Stage of Life,” said a wee voice at my left, and I turned to see the Red Queen and the White King conversing in squeaky undertones.

“Ah, and who has the floor tonight?” asked the White King.

“Why, a certain class that graduated from a State Normal School somewhere in the outside world a number of years ago,” answered the knowing queen. “They say that there were more brilliant persons in that class than in any other class that has ever been known to graduate from any college or school before or since.”

“Humph! that sounds like my own class,” thought I, and sure enough it was! In a minute I looked at the stage, where I saw a huge workshop filled with little boys from eight to ten years old busily engaged in building small benches and bookshelves. Moving among them, giving deft instruction and assistance, were Muriel Barber and Janet La Crosse.

“I am not surprised,” I thought, “for the unusual ability and adoration they showed for home mechanics predicted a life-long devotion to the work.”

If I had not been surprised by that scene, I was certainly to receive the shock of my life at the next, for on the stage I saw a huge sign:

“Meals at All Hours!
Chicken-Neck Salad a Specialty!”

and through a window I could distinguish the form of my old classmate, Theresa Lynch, dining sumptuously on the “Specialty.” Nor was she alone, for with her sat a tall gentleman who, though enough like her to be a brother, was, I feel sure, from the adoration in his eyes, her husband, and a recently acquired one at that.

Class Prophecy.

The honeymooners faded from sight, and I saw before me a great brick edifice in which were a good many very small windows. Looking through one of them, I saw that the inside of it was redhot.

"How strange!" I said aloud. "I never supposed that one of our class would meet such a fate as this." I heard a voice telling me to go around to the side. There I saw Louise Lewis and Nancy Parker peering through another tiny window. As I came near them I heard Louise Lewis saying, "I tell you, Nancy, I never did like Matt Glazes."

As I came back to the front of the kiln, I was struck by a big sign:

"Parker, Lewis & Clarkson, Potters."

I learned later that the firm was first in the industry, and the strangest part of it was that the last-named member slept the greater part of the time and dreamed in detail most marvelous designs, which the others worked out in reality.

The scene changed to what seemed to me a conglomerate mass, in which nothing could be distinguished from anything else. Before very long, however, I saw a familiar face. Familiar, indeed, for having once seen that face one would hardly forget it! It was Lilian Craig, and she was moving out from the crowd which surrounded her. Suddenly she stopped, smiled to the right of her and smiled to the left of her, made a profound bow, then, lifting her voice, gave one deafening yell! The poor little Red Queen at my side was swept completely off her feet, and was, when I last saw her, rolling over and over, gasping for breath. The White King perked up, however and assumed a most important air, for the yell had terminated in a wild shout of "Give the Men Their Rights!"

Before I had quite regained my composure I was soothed by a most musical (?) sound: "Do, re, mi, re, do," I heard, and looking at the stage I beheld a class of model children, in faultless position, with mouths beautifully rounded and chins dropped, gazing in spellbound wonder at the facial contortions of their music teacher, who proved to be no other than Elizabeth Chenery, grown thinner and older from continual exertion, but Elizabeth, nevertheless. She was teaching an observation lesson, I surmised, from the number of observers she had. Looking more closely at those observers, I saw Beulah Detwiler and Edna Gibbs taking notes like wildfire. I suppose they put those points into their own music lessons later, although I wasn't there to see.

The model schoolroom disappeared, and instead I saw a group of sad-looking old ladies seated around an open fireplace. In the center of the group was Josephine Shields with huge tears streaming down her face. I couldn't connect this with the happy little flirt of our school days, and when I asked for an explanation, imagine my astonishment at the sign to which Alice pointed:

"Home for the Lovelorn."

There was our dear little Jo dying of a broken heart, but cherishing her unrequited love to the end.

While I was still gazing at this unbelievable spectacle, it faded from before me, as things seemed to have a queer way of doing in the Looking-Glass Land, and I saw in its place a well-equipped chemistry laboratory. At a table stood Maude Seay deeply engrossed in some experiment. Mannie Torbert, whom I took to be her assistant, was showing two gorgeously-dressed sightseers through the laboratory. The tourists, whom I finally recognized as Rachel

Class Prophecy.

Pearce and Norine Tennis, seemed effusively interested in the equipment, and to all appearances were enjoying the exhibition greatly, when all of a sudden there was a terrific explosion, and I turned to see that Maude's experiment had turned out badly and the entire laboratory, as well as my dear classmates, had gone up in smoke.

Grieved though I was at this sad mishap, I had time for not more than two or three tears, which I hastily wiped away, for I was startled to hear the strains of "My Wild Irish Rose" in tones so incomprehensible as to hold me spell-bound. Yes, it was Helen singing in grand opera at last.

An even sweeter melody (if such be possible) fell upon my ears, and I looked to see Margaret Sacrey, as bright and pretty as ever, leading a group of kindergarten children in a little singing game. It must have been Mother's Joy, for around the sides of the room were seated ladies who I am sure must have been the mothers of some of the little folks from the proud smiles on their faces. Three smiles especially attracted my attention, being so very proud and so very broad. I looked at the faces and saw that those smiles belonged to three of my former classmates, Elizabeth Ninde, Lucille Rawlins and Annie Carter.

The scene shifted, and I saw two ladies chatting in a well-furnished living-room. The hostess I found to be Marjorie Riker and her caller Joyce Bradford. From their conversation I learned that Marjorie was the wife of a prosperous grocer and Joyce the devoted helpmeet of the Methodist minister. They were discussing Charlotte Rice's latest book, "The High Cost of Loving Reduced to a Minnie (mum)." As they talked I caught the name Brooking, and I heard that Soph had become a poet who rivaled Shakespeare in genius. It seemed that for a long time she had been struggling to get her works published, but, on account of her financial circumstances, had been unable to do so until recently, when two of her classmates, Elizabeth Russell and Annie Harris, both of whom had married millionaires, had given her the aid she needed and launched her on her career.

Quack! Quack! Quack! I heard on every side, and, looking around, I saw a multitude of ducks. In their midst were Grace Tanner and Martha Hughes feeding them and talking to them in duck language. At least I judged that it was duck language, but the only sentence I could gather was:

"Whose 'little ducky' is 'oo'?"

I think I heard Tweedledum tell Tweedledee that they were in the business and making a big success of their duck farm, but I wouldn't vouch for the validity of the statement.

The ducks faded away, and I saw in their place a small sitting-room, where Fannie Hitker sat tying a pack of faded old letters with a blue ribbon. I watched the rapt expression on her face for a minute, then I drew my own conclusions, and I shall leave you to draw yours.

The stage turned to a circus ground, where, in a prominent place, was Theresa Dannehl, swinging by first one hand and then the other on poles at least fifty feet high stretched across the length of the ground. "She came very near getting all the way back to her original ancestors," I mused. The Red Queen seemed thoroughly shocked at this undignified proceeding, and while I watched her in amusement, the circus ground vanished and I saw in its place a great gymnasium, where, under the direction of Alma Raiford, about twenty fat ladies were taking reduction exer-

Class Prophecy.

cises. Among them were Elsie Wood, Sarah Burke Spindle and Latané Rice working with all their might to rid themselves of some of the extra flesh they had gained from years of idleness.

If some of my classmates had grown fair, forty and fat, it was not so with all; for while I was still looking I saw the tallest, most imposing personage I had seen since the reign of Miss Forbes. It was no less a person than Margaret Sayre, turned missionary and surrounded by a group of heathen Chinese, who were unquestioningly drinking in her words of wisdom. Just as she had reached a most serious part of her discourse a humorous thought must have struck her, for she broke into uncontrollable peals of laughter and vanished with her heathen into thin air.

In their stead I saw a great ring, where everything seemed to be in readiness for a fight. Soon Sarah Gouldman and Alva Birmingham walked out from opposite doors and pounced upon each other, clawing and scratching like tiger cats. The Mock Turtle offered the information that they were in love with the same man and had taken this means of deciding. The strains of Mendelssohn's Wedding March fell on my ears, and I saw Bealmear Linthicum walking up the aisle with the very man over whom the others were fighting. "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush" certainly.

I saw on the stage a group of ladies conversing earnestly about something. The Gryphon told me that a number of my classmates had started a select school for twentieth-century young ladies, and that this was probably a faculty meeting. Nearly all of the faces were familiar, and I found that my classmates occupied chairs as follows: Helen Gardner, Principal; Josephine Jerrell, Philosophy of Life; Effie Broadbudd, Aesthetic Dancing; Mary Temple Coleman, Music; Virginia Bolen, Tone Quality in Conversation; Nannie Page Burrus, Life Viewed from Its Humorous Side; Ruth Carter, Humility of Manner; Elizabeth McDonnell, Animation in Daily Deportment; Alice Warren, The Necessity of Self-Subordination in Social Intercourse, and Frances Harrell, The Advantages of Idleness.

The discussion, which seemed to me to be over an exceedingly unimportant trifle, grew warmer and warmer and hotter and hotter until the whole scene became a turmoil. Everything began going around in a whirlwind, and soon I saw cards flying all over the place. From the Queen of Hearts to the King of Diamonds they were all there, flowing in so many directions that I couldn't collect my thoughts at all.

After a while an indistinct figure rose out of the chaos. As it became clearer and clearer the face grew crosser and more crabbed, and I saw that it was certainly the face of a dried-up old maid. It puzzled me, for there was something distinctly familiar about that face, yet I couldn't quite place it. While I was looking at it searchingly, determined to find out to whom it belonged, I felt a subtle change around me, and I suddenly came to with a start, only to find myself in the same armchair in the library gazing into the mirror at my own reflection!

And, bitterest of disappointments, instead of having been the most adorable of romances, my adventure had been a commonplace dream the like of which everyone has every day. Prophet? I resign my job.

LOUISE R. HENLEY.

The Last Will and Testament of the Class of 1915



THE Senior Class of 1915, of the only State Normal and Industrial School in Fredericksburg, Virginia, knowing, from a new science called Psychology, that our end and aim is drawing near and that benefits well distributed form the greatest blessings in this sociological era, do this bright and beautiful day of June, in the year of our Lord nineteen fifteen, bequeath our many and sundry worldly and personal effects to those persons and that institution from which we have received all that we give. The distribution of blessings is as follows:

Item I.

To the State Normal we do will and bequeath:

1. The memory of an unforgettable class.
2. A few trees to fill in the places of the ones that have been cut down.
3. A road that has a bottom to it!
4. A "Maxim silencer" for the use of the Librarian and a skylight and foot-warmers for the students.
5. And last, but not least, we leave our successors the statue of The Victory of Samothrace, better known as the "Winged Victory," which is said to be the most exquisite expression of movement left to us by antique art. We leave this in memory of our victorious flight through the school.

Item II.

To Mr. Russell, our well-known president and counselor, we do will and bequeath a mind like Solomon's and patience after the order of Job.

Item III.

To our psychological, physiological, sociological, philosophical and neutralogical teacher and honored, admired, feared and respected friend, Mr. Bunyan Y. Tyner, we do will and bequeath:

1. The spirit of inquiry so that it will seek us out and he in spirit may accompany us through the trials and vicissitudes of this life.

The Last Will and Testament of the Class of 1915.

2. The privilege of being a second Plato, Cicero, Locke or Rousseau or—oh, any great educator of these our modern times.

3. Also a new book to teach the future Senior classes, written by Miss Margaret Sayre, of the graduating class, after the combined effect of two years' close concentration in learning that we are descended from monkeys, therefore we should act like monkeys. "There is no expression without impression," she says.

Item IV.

To Miss Hinman, our teacher, friend, and playmate, we do will and bequeath a magic atmosphere of browns and yellows and future classes filled with "brown-eyed Nancys."

Also our undying thanks, which we cannot express in words, for all the parlor tricks we have learned to help while away the school hours and amuse the boys and girls.

Item V.

To our dear friend and teacher, Miss Dora J. Dadmun, who has labored to make us see what we say, we do will and bequeath all the pictures in the Sunday newspapers and a new Senior Class that shows more signs of histrionic ability than we have shown.

Item VI.

To Miss Fraser, our nightingale, we do will and bequeath "The Lost Chord" found by the Seniors in 1915. Also a new song by Miss Louise Henley entitled "To Sing I Always Try."

Item VII.

To Mr. Chandler we do will and bequeath a new and undiscovered country in which to work out his "Rural School Problems" as he thinks wisest.

Item VIII.

To Miss Marshall we do will and bequeath a set of aesthetic exercises, suggested by Mr. de Garmo in his "pretty blue" book, to be used by all the faculty and not the students.

Also a swimming pool large enough for swimmers.

Item IX.

To Miss Black we do will and bequeath a wreath of "Laurel Leaves" not unlike Cicero's.

The Last Will and Testament of the Class of 1915.

Item X.

1. To Miss Goolrick we do will and bequeath a globe for her to "trot" on.
2. A class to learn all the events of the present war and having the ability to pronounce to us the unpronounceable names.

Item XI.

To our little doctor, Mason Smith, who took such good care of us in our Junior year that he has lost nearly all of his practice, we do will and bequeath a hogshhead of castor oil and a bottle factory.

Item XII.

To each of our critic teachers we will and bequeath two pairs of eyes and ears, "So that it will be easier to see you, Juniors, my dears."

Item XIII.

To Miss Stone we will and bequeath five or six pairs of eyes and ears, so that she need miss no one in observation: also a book of new methods in dealing with refractory practice teachers, so there will be no need of discussion.

Item XIV.

To Mr. Hamlet, who told us the only true "Child's Aim,—to be a little devil, we will and bequeath a model pupil with ability to learn all the principles of arithmetic which we "followed" so faithfully.

Item XV.

To our Student Government Organization we will and bequeath the trouble, worry, nuisance, and tiresome business of showing girls how to break all man-made rules.

Item XVI.

To our beloved Sophomore Class we will and bequeath our friend, Gunyon Harrison, to guide and guard you.

Item XVII.

To our frivolous Junior Class we do will and bequeath:

1. A mind serious enough to grasp all fundamentals of all sciences as seen through Mr. Tyner's eyes.
2. The ability to walk a straight and narrow path in Miss Marshall's classes.
3. The honor of graduating next year and fulfilling all ambitions inspired by the Seniors of 1915.

The Last Will and Testament of the Class of 1915.

4. Also all of our friends, Mr. Hope, Miss Ambition, Dr. Sympathy and Mrs. Trust, as well as our enemies, Miss Temptations, Mr. Despair, Miss Languor, Miss Fear and Mr. Poverty.

5. The privilege of walking on the boardwalk and seeing that a cement one is laid to our memory. "Equaled by few and excelled by none" to be our epitaph.

6. Last, but not least, we leave them "our deepest sympathy."

We do hereby appoint Sir Gunyon Harrison, Second Knight of the Garter, to be sole executor of this our last Will and Testament, said Knight to be firm in carrying out our desires and not to let his sympathies get the better of him.

In testimony whereof, we have set our hands and seals, this fifth day of June, 1915.

HELEN MARGARET NORTHROP,
Attorney and Lunatic-at-Large.

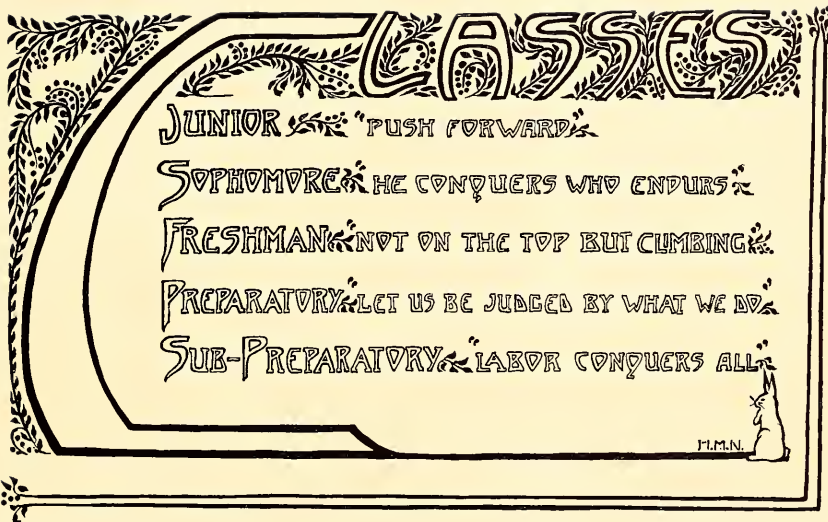




ILLUSTRIOUS ILLUMINATORS

OLIVE MAY HINMAN
HELEN MARGARET NORTHROP
MARJORIE THURBER RIKER
MURIEL DOROTHEA BARBER
NANNIE WALLER PARKER
MARGARET FRANCES SAYRE
JULIA LOUISE LEWIS
GENEVIEVE JENKINS
NORINE KING TENNIS
NANCY CARR HARRISON
MARTHA SCOTT HUGHES
JOSEPHINE CHRISTIE SHIELDS
MAE MASON HUNDLEY
JANIE SOPHRONIA BROOKING
MARY SPENCER LEITCH





JUNIOR "PUSH FORWARD"

SOPHOMORE "HE CONQUERS WHO ENDURES"

FRESHMAN "NOT ON THE TOP BUT CLIMBING"

PREPARATORY "LET US BE JUDGED BY WHAT WE DO"

SUB-PREPARATORY "LABOR CONQUERS ALL"

H.M.N.



CLASS OF 1916

Class of 1916



MOTTO: En avant

COLORS:
American Beauty and Green

FLOWER:
American Beauty

Officers

LUCY LIPSCOMB DUVAL
President

GRACE FRANKLIN BEAZLEY
Vice-President

MIRIAM HANSFORD PERRIN
Secretary

SELMA ELIZABETH McMILLEN
Treasurer

MARY SPENCER LEITCH
Class Editor

MARIE OLGA WARD
Athletic Representative

Class Members

MATTIE MAE ATKINSON
CLARA EUGENIA BAILEY
MATTIE BERTHA BEAZLEY
GRACE FRANKLIN BEAZLEY
ANNIE LOUISE BROADDUS
ETTINETTE HOSKINS BROADDUS
SARA ELIZABETH BRUCE
LENA HUGHLETT CAREY
MATTIE LOUISE CARTER
ULA HURST CLUVERIUS
VIRGINIA DANTE DOWDY
LUCY LIPSCOMB DUVAL
ELIZABETH BERNARD FINNEGAN
DOROTHY LOUISE FREEMAN

JESSE MURRAY HAMMERLEY
NANCY CARR HARRISON
VIRGINIA ELIZABETH HAYNIE
CAROLINE WILHELMINA HESS
MARJORIE LEIGH HOLLEMAN
MAE MASON HUNDLEY
EMILY MASON JAMES
GENEVIEVE JENKINS
CHARLOTTE ELEANOR LAWRENCE
MARY SPENCER LEITCH
LENORA LENA MATTHEWS
VIOLA VIRGINIA MATTHEWS
SELMA ELIZABETH McMILLEN
JULIA DOSWELL MILLS

MIRIAM HANSFORD PERRIN
MARY EMARD QUINN
KATE MITCHELL RENFRO
MARY BEVERLEY RICE
THELMA ESTELLE ROBERTSON
BERTHA WRIGHT SCOTT
ELIZABETH JEANETTE SMITH
INA FRANCES TAYLOR
ELEANOR ECHOLS TAYLOR
HELEN BOULDEN TOWLES
MINNIE LUTTRELL TRAVIS
MARY THELMA TURNER
MARIE OLGA WARD
LAURA MASON WRIGHT



CLASS OF 1917

Class of 1917



MOTTO: Qui partiture Vicet

FLOWER: Violet

COLORS: Lavender and White

Officers

MARY REBECCA HARWOOD
President

LEAM BEATRICE FLIPPIN
Vice-President

LUCILLE HOGE BOOGS
Secretary-Treasurer

BERTIE WILLIAMS CRALLE
Athletic Representative

MARGARET IRVINE WHITE
Class Editor

DR. C. MASON SMITH
Honorary Member

Members

LELIA FRANCES BABCOCK
ANNE CALLIE BAILEY
VIRGINIA OCTAVIA BALL
ABBIE BALLARD
EFFIE APPERSON BALLARD
NANNIE LYNN BOOKER
SADIE MAUDE BOWLES
ELIZABETH VIRGINIA BONLEY
BESSIE BELLE BROACH
ELIZABETH CHAUNCEY CARTER
MARY BALL CONNELLEE
LELIA WILLIS CURRY
EUNICE JACKSON DANIEL

ELLA VIRGINIA FARENHOLT
NANNIE GOODMAN
ELIZABETH WRIGHT HAILE
EDYTHE STUART HARLOWE
NANNIE ESTELLE HARRISON
MARGARET TRAVERS JAMES
MABEL JEANNETTE LOKEY
ELSIE WARNER MCKANN
CARRIE BAYLOR MAHON
EDNA WALKINS MORTON
LILLIE LEE MICHIE
MAYBIE ADAH NASH
BRANCIS VIRGINIA PHIPPINS

FANNIE BLANCHE PRIEST
BLANCHE WESTER ROBERTS
LILLIE FRENCH ROBERTS
CORINNE PATTERSON ROGERS
INA ETHELYWN SCOTT
LOIS MARIE SHUMAN
ETHEL JOHNSON SMITH
JOSEPHINE CATHERINE SPINDLE
MILDRED GARLAND STONEHAM
RUBIE ELIZABETH VAUGHAN
LILLIAN HILL WARING
GEORGIE LEE WASHINGTON
JUDITH AUGUSTA WRIGHT



CLASS OF 1918

Class of 1918



MOTTO:

Not on the Top, but Climbing

FLOWER: Pansy

COLORS: Purple and Gold

Officers

FANNIE MAE MORGAN
President

FAY McENERY SPRINKEL
Vice-President

HELEN HARRINGTON RAINS
Secretary-Treasurer

LEMIRA DOUGLASS CARTER
Athletic Representative

SARAH ROSSETTER MARSHALL
Honorary Member

Members

ELIZABETH BISCOE
ELSIE LELAND BROADBUSH
ROSA CURRY BURRUSS
EDNA EARLE CARTER
MARTHA CAROLINE CARTER
LEMIRA DOUGLASS CARTER
MARIAH LOUISE COSBY
HESTER MAE DEMPSEY
JEAN HART DIGGES
NATALIE ELMIRA DUDLEY
JANE RITCHIE EVANS

LULA MAE FRENCH
VIRGINIA TOWLES GORDON
HANNAH ELIZABETH HARGEST
JESSIE ELIZABETH HARRIS
MARIAN LOUISE HARRIS
ANNIE MEREDITH KENDALL
ELIZA BLAND LAMB
ANNA JANE LEWIS
PEARL MALVINA LUCAS
ANNE ELIZA MONCURE
FANNIE MAE MORGAN
MARY FRANCES NEWBORN

HELEN HARRINGTON RAINS
MARGARET DAINGERFIELD REAMY
CLARA COLLINS RICHARDS
MARY MINOR RICHARDSON
LUCY PAYNE
GARLAND LEE STRAUGHAN
FAY McENERY SPRINKEL
NORA LEE SYDNOR
ELEANOR EMBREY WALKER
MABEL MURRAY WALKER
LOUISE GERTRUDE WRIGHT



Class of 1919

COLORS: Blue and Gold

MOTTO: Spectenum agendis

FLOWER: Ragged Robin.

Officers

MATTIE ANDERSON FRAZER
President
LUCY GOULDIN CONWAY
Vice-President
LUCY VAUGHAN POINDENTER
Secretary-Treasurer
FANNIE BRAXTON LONDON
Athletic Representative
THELMA HARRIS FRAZER
Class Editor

Yell

Strawberry shortcake,
Gooseberry pie,
V-i-c-t-o-r-y.
Are we in it?
Well, I guess—
Blue and Gold! Yes! Yes! Yes!

Members

RUBY LEE BEAZLEY
LUCY GOULDIN CONWAY
MATTIE ANDERSON FRAZER
THELMA HARRIS FRAZER
BERNEZE STUART HAYNIE
ELLA VIRGINIA JOHNSON
FANNIE BRAXTON LONDON
LUCY VAUGHAN POINDENTER
LUCY VIRGINIA WILKINS

Class of 1920



MOTTO: Labor omnia vincit

COLORS: Yellow and White

FLOWER: Daisy

Officers

MARY EDMONDS GOULDING
President

LELIA ETTA BRYANT
Vice-President

LOUISE CARLTON LUCK
Secretary-Treasurer

Members

CATHERINE JULIA BARRACK

ROSALIE HAMBLETON

LELIA ETTA BRYANT

RUTH ELMO HICKS

IDA RADCLIFFE EDWARDS

LOUISE CARLTON LUCK

MARY EDMONDS GOULDING

GLADYS TABITHAH PARKER



Green and Blue



Air—Tramp, tramp, tramp.

Close by quaint old Fredericksburg
Where the Rappahannock flows,
Stands the school we love with hearts so warm and true.
We are filled with honest pride
While we watch her as she grows,
And the colors which she floats are
Green and Blue.

CHORUS.

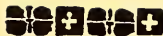
May our colors float forever,
Tint of sky and forest hue!
May the echoes catch our song,
Sending back in chorus strong,
"Float forever! Float forever!
Green and Blue!"

Here upon this campus green
Battles fierce were fought and won
In the long remembered days of '62.
Here we, too, a fight shall win,
Striving 'till our work is done,
Fighting ever for our colors,
Green and Blue.

Growing 'round this battlefield
Is a grove of emerald green
Standing out against a sky of turquoise blue.
There our colors are revealed,
And, when from a distance seen,
Form a perfect harmony of
Green and Blue.

Since our colors were designed
And combined by Nature's hand
When at first she touched the sky and forest, too,
So we truly may declare,
They're the fairest in the land,
And we'll ever love and honor
Green and Blue.

MARGARET IRVINE WHITE.

CLUBS AND 

ORGANIZATIONS 

There is no more sure tie between
friends than when they are united
in their objects and wishes 

Y. M. C. A.



URPOSE: To unite the girls of the institution in loyalty to Jesus Christ, to lead them to accept Him as their personal Saviour, to build them up in the knowledge of Christ, especially through Bible study and Christian service, that their character and conduct may be consonant with their belief. It shall thus associate them with the students of the world for the advancement of the Kingdom of God. It shall further seek to enlist their devotion to the Christian Church and to the religious work of the institution.

Officers

MARJORIE THURBER RIKER, President
JANET MARIE LA CROSSE, Vice-President
VIRGINIA E. STONE, Advisory Officer

RUTH RAMSEY CARTER, Secretary
MARTHA SCOTT HUGHES, Treasurer

Chairmen of Committees

JANET MARIE LA CROSSE, Membership
MARGARET FRANCES SAYRE, Religious Meetings
GRACE KINNIER TANNER, Bible Study
BEULAH MAE DETWILER, Missionary

MARTHA SCOTT HUGHES, Finance
ANNE MILLS HARRIS, Association News
ALICE EASON WARREN, Social
CHARLOTTE EUGENIA RICE, Social Service

Sub-Committees

ELIZABETH CARDWELL CHIENERY, Music
NANNIE WALLER PARKER, Poster

EFFIE VIRGINIA BROADDUS, Room

The Aim of the Committees

MEMBERSHIP—To enlist all students as members of the Association, thereby leading them to find themselves in service.

RELIGIOUS—To deepen the spiritual life of the students by regular weekly services and by a daily prayer circle.

BIBLE STUDY—To organize and conduct classes for a systematic study of the Bible.

MISSIONARY—To organize and conduct mission study classes, that each girl may learn of the expansion of God's Kingdom and her responsibility in this.

FINANCE—To collect and expend funds necessary for conducting the business of the Association.

ASSOCIATION NEWS—To keep in touch with other associations in order to be a source of information for the other committees.

SOCIAL—To welcome new students and to promote friendly social relations in the student body.

SOCIAL SERVICE—To interest the girls in social service work in both the school and community.

Y. W. C. A. History 1914-1915



AST April when the present Cabinet took the oath of office they were almost bewildered with the magnitude of their future task, but in a few weeks Miss Robertson, the Student Secretary, visited the school and gave the girls many helpful suggestions for the various phases of work. They then set to work in real earnest.

Late in May the President and two other girls were sent as delegates to the Blue Ridge Conference, where they received much inspiration.

When the school opened again in September the girls came back eager to work out the many new plans made during the summer. The Cabinet was very fortunate in electing as Advisory Officer Miss Stone, who has rendered valuable assistance in the work.

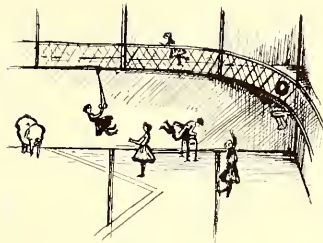
The year has been a success. Never before in its history has the entire student body shown such a vital interest in Y. W. C. A. activities.

Several interesting and instructive classes were offered in Bible and Mission study, in which a large per cent. of the girls were enrolled as members.

The annual bazaar proved quite a success, not only from a financial, but from a social standpoint.

The social life of the school has also been stressed. At the opening of school a reception was given to the Faculty and students. On two other occasions during the year the Y. W. C. A. members enjoyed delightful parties, well planned by the Social Committee.

On account of the newness of the Social Service Committee much attention has been devoted to its work. Here the girls actually came into contact with social problems on a small scale, and have rendered helpful and loving service to many in need.



BUSY DAYS IN THE GYM

"The purpose of education is to give to the body and soul all the beauty and all the perfection of which they are capable."

May 16th, 1914—May Day. Field Day. Cup won by the Junior Class.

September }
October } Strenuous days of practice in the gymnasium.
November }
December }

January 16th: BASKET BALL.

Seniors versus Juniors.

Seniors 49—Juniors 9.

January 23d: BASKET BALL.

Freshmen versus Sophomores.

Freshmen 9—Sophomores 7.

January 30th: Normal School versus Y. W. C. A. at Richmond.

F. S. X. S. 14—Y. W. C. A. 9.

February 6th: School Team versus Second Team.

School Team 19—Second Team 11.

February 20th: BASKET BALL.

Seniors versus Sophomores.

Seniors 10—Sophomores 5.

Juniors versus Freshmen.

Juniors 4—Freshmen 19.





Athletic Calendar



February 26th: BASKET BALL.

Juniors versus Sophomores.

Juniors 19—Sophomores 7.

Seniors versus Freshmen.

Seniors 17—Freshmen 7.

March 14th: FOX AND HOUND CHASE.

Between the two classes winning the least number of
basket ball games.

March 27th: GYMNASIIC TOURNAMENT.

Loving Cup to be awarded to the best all-around
gymnast.

April 1st to 30th: PRACTICE FOR FIELD DAY.

Running, Jumping, Indoor Tennis, etc.

May 15th: MAY DAY.

Crowning of May Queen.

May 16th: FIELD DAY.

Victors crowned by Queen of May.



MAY POLE DANCE



FOX AND HOUND CHASE



CROWNING OF VICTOR BY MAY QUEEN

Athletic Association

Members - - - Student Body

Officers

ROBERTA WILLIAMS CRALLE, President

VIRGINIA FRANKLIN BOLEN, Secretary and Treasurer

Faculty Committee

SARAH R. MARSHALL
EULA ATKINSON
OLIVE MAY HINMAN
CHARLOTTE PEOPLES

GUNYON MITCHELL HARRISON
WILLIAM NATHAN HAMLET
CHARLES MASON SMITH

Here's to the team from Normal
And to their brilliant plays;
Here's to the team from Normal,
Pride of our student days.
Rah! Rah! Rah!

We'll boast our dashing forwards,
We'll toast our fine guards, too;
Long live our dauntless centers,
Here's to the green and blue.
[To tune "Co-ed."]

Athletic Association



THE first basket-ball game played outside our own gymnasium was won over the Y. W. C. A. team in Richmond on January the 30th, the score being 14 to 9. The enthusiastic support of the school, together with the determination and training of the team, made possible the defeat of one of the best girls' basket-ball teams in the State. The event was a whirl of excitement from the beginning until the end of the first half, when the score was a tie—6 to 6—and the splendid temper and true sportsmanlike spirit during the entire game proved what a match game may represent when played properly. May the precedent set at this contest ever be an example to be followed both in regard to its spirit and to our victory!

The basket-ball season was a most interesting one, being chiefly taken up with games between the various classes. The series was begun with a game between the Juniors and Seniors and ended with the Freshman-Senior contest. The Senior team was victorious, having won every game this season, as well as last. The quick and graceful playing of the guards will long be remembered, and the centers seemed to know just where to place the ball so that the forwards could get it in the basket with remarkable skill.



SCHOOL BASKET BALL TEAM

School Basket Ball Team



FORWARDS

ALMA LUCILLE RAIFORD

LOUISE RANDOLPH HENLEY

CENTERS

JANET MARIE LACROSSE, Capt. VIRGINIA FRANKLIN BOLEN

GUARDS

MARGARET STANLEY SACREY THERESA MATYNA DANNEHL

SUBSTITUTES

CAROLINE WILHELMINA HESS LEAM BEATRICE FLIPPEN

MABEL ADA NASH



CLASS TEAMS

Class Basket Ball Teams and Substitutes



Seniors

MARTYNA THERESA DANNEHL
(Captain)
VIRGINIA FRANKLIN BOLEN
EFFIE VIRGINIA BROADBUS

ALMA LUCILLE RAIFORD
MARGARET STANLEY SACREY
GRACE KINNIER TANNER
RACHEL RAY PEARCE

RUTH RAMSEY CARTER
LOUISE RANDOLPH HENLEY
JANET MARIE LACROSSE

Juniors

CAROLINE WILHELMINA HESS
(Captain)
MATTIE MAE ATKINSON

LENA HUGHLETT CAREY
INA FRANCES TAYLOR
GRACE FRANKLIN BEAZLEY
MARIE OLGA WARD

LUCY LIPSCOMB DUVAL
JESSIE MURRAY HAMMERLEY
MINNIE LUTTRELL TRAVIS

MAE MASON HUNDLEY
SELMA ELIZABETH McMILLAN
JULIA DOSWELL MILLS

Sophomores

ROBERTA WILLIAMS CRALLE
(Captain)

ELIZABETH VIRGINIA BOXLEY
KATHERINE ELIZABETH CORR
LEAM BEATRICE FLIPPIN

MARY REBECCA HARWOOD
MABEL JEANETTE LOKEY
CORINNE LUCILLE ROGERS

JUDITH AUGUSTA WRIGHT
MABEL ADA NASH

Freshmen

HANNAH ELIZABETH HARGEST
(Captain)

LEMIRA DOUGLAS CARTER
EDNA EARL CARTER
JEAN HART DIGGES

FANNIE MAY MORGAN
MARY MINOR RICHARDSON
GARLAND LEE STRAUGHAN

NORA LEE SYDNOR
MABEL MURRAY WALKER

Preparatories

FANNIE BRAXTON LONDON
(Captain)
RURIE LEE BEAZLEY

CATHERINE LEE BARRACK
LUCY GOULDIN CONWAY
MATTIE ANDERSON FRAZER

BERNICE HAYNIE
LUCY VAUGHAN POINDENTER
LOUISE CARLTON LUCK

GLADYS TABITHA PARKER
LUCY VIRGINIA WILKINS



THE TENNIS CLUB

The Tennis Club



CHARLOTTE EUGENIA RICE
President

GRACE KINNIER TANNER
Vice-President

MARY REBECCA HARWOOD
Secretary-Treasurer

Members

ANNIE CALPHURNIA BAILEY
VIRGINIA FRANKLIN BOLEN
MARY TEMPLE COLEMAN
BEULAH MAE DETWILER
LUCY LIPSCOMB DUVAL
GUNYON MITCHELL HARRISON
MARY REBECCA HARWOOD
LOUISE RANDOLPH HENLEY
ANNA RANDOLPH KEIM
JULIA LOUISE LEWIS
FANNIE MAY MORGAN

HELEN MARGARET NORTHROP
HELEN HARRINGTON RAINES
KATE MITCHELL RENFRO
CHARLOTTE EUGENIA RICE
BERTHA WRIGHT SCOTT
DR. CHARLES MASON SMITH
NORA LEE SYDNOR
GARLAND LEE STRAUGHAN
GRACE KINNIER TANNER
MINNIE LUTTRELL TRAVIS
JUDITH AUGUSTA WRIGHT



RIFLE CLUB

The Rifle Club



GRACE KINNIER TANNER
Captain

MARY REBECCA HARWOOD
Manager

CHARLOTTE EUGENIA RICE
Lieutenant

NANNIE LYNN BOOKER
SARA ELIZABETH BRUCE
ULA HURST CLUVERIUS
ROBERTA WILLIAMS CRALLE
THELMA HARRIS FRAZER
MATTIE ANDERSON FRAZER
EDNA LILLIAN GIBBS
LOUISE RANDOLPH HENLEY

ELSIE ELIZABETH KING
JULIA LOUISE LEWIS
NANNIE WALLER PARKER
VIRGINIA SUNDERLAND PEYTON
JOSEPHINE CATHERINE SPINDLE
RUBIE ELIZABETH VAUGHAN
ALICE EASON WARREN

GUNYON MITCHELL HARRISON
Director

Student Government Association



THERESA INEZ LYNCH
President

ELIZABETH CARDWELL CHENERY
First Vice-President

LUCY LIPSCOMB DUVAL
Second Vice-President

LEAM SNOW FLIPPIN
Secretary

Executive Committee

Senior Representatives

ELIZABETH CARDWELL CHENERY
RUTH RAMSEY CARTER
ANNE MILLS HARRIS
LOUISE RANDOLPH HENLEY
THERESA INEZ LYNCH
MARJORIE THURBER RIKER

Junior Representatives

CLARA EUGENIA BAILEY
LUCY LIPSCOMB DUVAL
CAROLINE WILHELMINA HESS
ELIZABETH JEANETTE SMITH

Sophomore Representatives

LEAM SNOW FLIPPIN
MARY REBECCA HARWOOD

Freshman Representatives

JESSIE ELIZABETH HARRIS
ANNE ELIZA MONCURE

Preparatory Representative

THELMA HARRIS FRAZER

Sub-Preparatory Representative

LOUISE CARLTON LUCK

Special Representative

ELSIE ELIZABETH KING

The Student Government Association was organized December 1, 1914. The organization has merited much praise for its splendid work. Each girl, having the welfare of the school at heart, has contributed to its success, and it promises to become a permanent factor in the school.

 HARK, HARK,
THE HARK!

THERE'S MUSIC IN THE SIGHING OF A REED,
THERE'S MUSIC IN THE GUSHING OF A RILL,
THERE'S MUSIC IN ALL THINGS, IF MAN HAD EARS;
OUR EARTH IS BUT AN ECOE OF THE SPHERAS.

BYRON.

School Song



Tune: Kerry Dance

In the valley, the storied city
Peaceful lies; on the heights above,
Looking far o'er a fair wide landscape,
Stand the halls of the school we love.

Merry groups of laughing schoolgirls
Make a cheerful and joyous scene,—
Straying over fields and hillside,
Sporting, dancing on the green.
Working cheerily, playing merrily,
Forming friendships strong.

CHORUS

How we honor thee! How we love thee!
Ne'er our lives shall thy teachings wrong!
Alma Mater! We praise thee ever!
Praise thee, honor thee in our song!

DORA J. DADMUN.



GLEE CLUB

Glee Club

MARGARET ELIZABETH FRASER
Director

ELIZABETH CARDWELL CHENERY
President

LEAM BEATRICE FLIPPIN
Vice-President

MIRIAM HANDSFORD PERRIN
Secretary

JANET MARIE LACROSSE
Treasurer

LEAM BEATRICE FLIPPIN
Accompanist

Members

CLARA EUGENIA BAILEY
MATTIE BERTHA BEAZLEY
LUCILLE HOOE BOGGS
NANNIE LYNN BOOKER
JOYCE EDMONDS BRADFORD
ANNIE ELIZABETH CARTER
ELIZABETH CHAUNCEY CARTER
ELIZABETH CARDWELL CHENERY
RUTH ELMORE CLARKSON
ROBERTA WILLIAMS CRAWLE

LELIA WILLIS CURRY
THERESA MARTYNA DANNEHL
LEAM BEATRICE FLIPPIN
THELMA HARRIS FRAZER
EDYTHE STUART HARLOWE
NANCY CARR HARRISON
MARY FRANCES HARRELL
LOUISE RANDOLPH HENLEY
MARJORIE LEIGH HOLLEMAN
JESSIE ELIZABETH HARRIS

MARGARET TRAVERS JAMES
JANET MARIE LACROSSE
CHARLOTTE ELEANOR LAWRENCE
MARY SPENCER LEITCH
SELMA ELIZABETH McMILLEN
ANGELA NOEL MORRIS
MAYBLE ADA NASH
ELIZABETH RIDGELY NINDE
MIRIAM HANDSFORD PERRIN
MARJORIE THURDER RIKER

HELEN HARRINGTON RAINS
BLANCHE WESTER ROBERTS
LILLIE FRENCH ROBERTS
MARGARET STANLEY SACREY
ROSALIE MAUDE SEAY
NANNIE DALBY TORBEET
MARIE OLGA WARD
ALICE EASON WARREN
MARGARET IRVINE WHITE
JUDITH AUGUSTA WRIGHT

The Glee Club has been studying compositions from Mendelssohn, Schubert and Wagner. At the Teachers' Convention, which met in Fredericksburg in the spring, the Glee Club gave several numbers. It also gave a concert April the 9th in connection with a visiting soloist.

The last concert was the out-of-door one given during Commencement Week.





THE NIGHTINGALES

The Nightingales



AIM: To out-sing the Glee Club.

And

We believe that nothing is easier than to gain a reputation for singing, provided one screams loud enough.

We believe "Life may be 'one grand, sweet song' to a few; but the majority trip along to music written to ragtime."

We believe that anyone may belong to the Glee Club, but it takes wealth to support this one.

We believe that to be a member of the Glee Club is to be fortunate; but to be a member of "The Nightingales" is to achieve distinction.

We believe in this advice to all newcomers:

Don't rush madly into the Glee Club.

Those who do are made to rush out.

N. W. PARKER, Director.

Members

A. HARRIS
B. DETWILER

C. RICE
E. JAMES
E. TAYLOR

G. SAUNDERS
K. RENFRO
L. DUVAL

M. FRAZER
M. REAMY
M. SAYRE

T. LYNCH
T. TURNER

Honorary Member

H. NORTHPROP

N. B.—L. Henley, after receiving two years' training in this club, is now filling the position of "Chief Soloist" in the Glee Club.



Piano Class



NORA CHURCHILL WILLIS
Instructor

MATTIE MAE ATKINSON
LELIA ETTA BRYANT
RUBY LEE BEAZLEY
BETSY BISCOE
RUTH ELMORE CLARKSON
GLADYS CRISMOND

JANE RITCHIE EVANS
NATALIE ELMIRA DUDLEY
THELMA HARRIS FRAZER
FANNIE WINSTON HITER
LOUISE CARLTON LUCK
ANNE ELIZA MONCURE

NORA LENA MATTHEWS
MAYBLE ADA NASH
LUCY PAYNE
IDA CONWAY PEYTON
BRANCIS VIRGINIA PHIPPINS
CLARA COLLINS RICHARDS

LOIS MARIE SHUMAN
ELIZABETH SMITH
INA FRANCES TAYLOR
MABEL MURRAY WALKER
LILLIAN HILL WARING
LUCY VIRGINIA WILKINS

NORINE KING TENNIS

THE LAW
OF THE
CAMP FIRE

Seek beauty & Give service
Pursue knowledge & Be trust-
worthy & Hold on to health &
Glorify work & Be happy &



BATTLEGROUND CAMP FIRE

XXX BATTLE GROUND CAMP FIRE XXX

CHARTERED
SYMBOL: THE CAMP FIRE

MARCH 1914
ON THE MOUNTAIN TOP

WAKAN OLIVE MAY HINMAN GUARDIAN

★ WICAMP ANNIE WALLER PARKER & DEGREE FIRE MAKER ★
HANKAY DAN BERTHA WRIGHT SCOTT & DEGREE WOOD GATHERER
ISHKODAH JULIA LOUISE LEWIS & DEGREE WOOD GATHERER
POCOHONTAS RUTH ELMORE CLARKSON & DEGREE WOOD GATHERER
WASHATA GERTRUDE PATTERSON SAUNDERS & DEGREE WOOD GATHERER
AAA TATE EDNA LILLIAN GIBBS & DEGREE WOOD GATHERER
ANAPESAVZA MANNIE DALBY TORBERT & DEGREE WOOD GATHERER
AAA WATA ALICE EASON WARREN & DEGREE WOOD GATHERER
APAO JANET MARIE LA CROSSE & DEGREE WOOD GATHERER
WAWA FANNIE BRAXTON LANDON & DEGREE WOOD GATHERER
WANDAYTON MATTIE MAE ATKINSON & DEGREE WOOD GATHERER
OWAISSI MARY SPENCER LEITCH & DEGREE WOOD GATHERER
UTUHU JUDITH AUGUSTA WRIGHT & DEGREE WOOD GATHERER
SOANGETAH MARIE OLGA WARD & DEGREE WOOD GATHERER
PIS TIMASNI MARGARET FRANCES SAYRE & DEGREE WOOD GATHERER
HALO BLANCHE WESTER ROBERTS & DEGREE WOOD GATHERER
LOLI LILLIE FRENCH ROBERTS & DEGREE WOOD GATHERER
MINEYANTH THELMA HARRIS FRAZER & DEGREE WOOD GATHERER
OKITIKAH MATTIE ANDERSON FRAZER & DEGREE WOOD GATHERER



SHAWONDASEE CAMP FIRE

Shawondasee Camp Fire

Organized April, 1914



EULA D. ATKINSON
Guardian

LEAM FLIPPIN
Secretary

ALMA RAIFORD
Treasurer

Members

Towasi	- - - -	ETTINETTE HOSKINS BROADDUS
Wawatassi	- - - -	ANNIE ELIZABETH CARTER
Wabagoonee	- - - -	ULA HURST CLUVERIUS
Wauranasi	- - - -	ELIZABETH CARDWELL CHENERY
Helochee	- - - -	MARJORIE LEIGH HOLLEMAN
Pocahontas	- - - -	MARY REBECCA HARWOOD
Trubamo	- - - -	LOUISE RANDOLPH HENLEY
Susloha	- - - -	THELMA ESTELLE ROBERTSON
Soangetaha	- - - -	MARJORIE THURBER RIKER

Wood Gatherers

Owaissa	- - - -	VIRGINIA FRANKLIN BOLEN
Antishema	- - - -	ROBERTA WILLIAMS CRALLE
Tawasi	- - - -	RUTH RAMSEY CARTER
Johesi	- - - -	BEULAH MAE DETWILER
Anacaona	- - - -	LEAM SNOW FLIPPIN
Minnehaha	- - - -	THERESA INEZ LYNCH
Suslowaha	- - - -	CHARLOTTE EUGENIA RICE
Suhese	- - - -	ALMA LUCILLE RAIFORD
Checoa	- - - -	MARY THELMA TURNER



WILDERNESS CAMP FIRE

Wilderness Camp Fire



MARGARET E. FRASER
Guardian

SYMBOL: Four-leaf Clover

Wood Gatherers

Chloha - - - - - LILLIE LEE MICHIE
Muhase - - - - - LUCILLE HOOE BOGGS
Wiwoco - - - - - JAINE SOPHRONTA BROOKING
Lohase - - - - - -ANNE MILLS HARRIS

Nachuruchie - - - - MIRIAM HANSFORD PERRIN
Wapomie - - - - - ELIZABETH JESSIE HARRIS
Soangetaha - - - - - MABEL ADA NASH
Medamin - - - - - LEMIRA DOUGLAS CARTER

Members Working for Degree

Legierum - - - - MARTYNA THERESA DANNEHL
Ishkootah - - - - - FANNIE WINSTON HITER
Suhelo - - - - - ELSIE ELIZABETH KING
Ahmo - - - - - KATE MITCHELL RENFRO

Minnehaha - - - - ELIZABETH MANTELBER RUSSELL
Chiabiabos - - - - - MARGARET STANLEY SACREY
Pekiche - - - - - NORINE KING TENNIS
Wabum Anung - - - BEALMEAR DARE LINTHICUM



Wilderness Camp Fire Song

I know a place where the sun is like gold,
And the cherry blooms burst with snow,
And down underneath is the loveliest nook,
Where the four-leaf clovers grow.

One leaf is for hope, and one is for faith
And one is for love, you know :
And God put another one in for luck,
If you search, you will find where they grow.

But you must have hope, and you must have faith ;
You must love and be strong. And so,
If you watch, if you wait, you will find the place
Where the four-leaf clovers grow.



MUDJEKEEWS CAMP FIRE

Mudjekewis Camp Fire



ETHEL BLACK
Guardian

KATHERINE ELIZABETH CORR
Secretary

JANE RITCHIE EVANS
Treasurer

Members

EFFIE VIRGINIA BROADDUS
LILLIAN KENNERLY CRAIG
NATALIE ELMYRA DUDLEY
LULA MAY FRENCH
VIRGINIA TOWLES GORDON
ELIZABETH C. WRIGHT HAILE
JESSE MURRAY HAMMERLY
MABLE JEANNETTE LOKEY

JULIA DOSWELL MILLS
GLADYS TABITHA PARKER
HORTENSE AUGUSTA PARKER
LUCY PAYNE
EMARD MARY QUINN
CORRINNE LUCILLE ROGERS
ELIZABETH JEANETTA SMITH
MARGARET IRVINE WHITE

LUCY VIRGINIA WILKINS



ISHKOOKA CAMP FIRE

Ishkooda Camp Fire

Organized November 5, 1914



REBECCA PECK
Guardian

EMILY MASON JAMES
Secretary

ANNIE CALPHURNIA BAILEY
Treasurer

Members

Owaissa	-	-	-	-	-	ANNIE CALPHURNIA BAILEY
Heduha	-	-	-	-	-	ELIZABETH CHAUNCEY CARTER
Almo	-	-	-	-	-	LUCY GOULDIN CONWAY
Minnehaha	-	-	-	-	-	MARIA LOUISE COSBY
Minneola	-	-	-	-	-	LELIA WILLIS CURRY
Mahngohayti	-	-	-	-	-	MARY EDMONDS GOULDING
Wahwahtasse	-	-	-	-	-	HANNAH ELIZABETH HARGEST
Knowilo	-	-	-	-	-	MARGARET TRAVERS JAMES
Yosemite	-	-	-	-	-	EMILY MASON JAMES
Soangltaha	-	-	-	-	-	ELIZA BLAND LAMB
Sincheeha	-	-	-	-	-	LOIS MARIE SHUMAN
Amheer	-	-	-	-	-	LUCILLE BEVERLEY RAWLINGS



"THE BETTER TO SEW, MY DEAR" CLUB

"The Better To Sew, My Dear" Club



MASCOT: "Done Et" of 307

BY-LAW: Miss Hinman shall serve fudge or hot chocolate with marshmallows in it, every time we meet in her room, under penalty of twenty-five cents fine.

CODICIL: 1. Every member shall entertain the club at least once during the session.

2. We will meet once a week, on Saturday afternoon, and so and so and so.

Members

LUCILE HOOE BOGGS
ELIZABETH CARDWELL CHENEY
MARGARET ELIZABETH FRASER
ANNE MILLS HARRIS
JESSIE ELIZABETH HARRIS
LOUISE RANDOLPH HENLEY

NANNIE WALLER PARKER
KATE MITCHELL RENFRO
LILLIE FRENCH ROBERTS
GERTRUDE PATTERSON SAUNDERS
MARGARET FRANCES SAYRE
JUDITH AUGUSTA WRIGHT

THIRTEENTH MEMBER
OLIVE MAY HINMAN



THE HANDICRAFTERS

The Handicrafters



"The lyf so short, the craft so long to lerne."

MURIEL DOROTHEA BARBER, M.A.

ANNIE LOUISE BROADDUS, H.A.

JANIE SOPHRONIA BROOKING, M.A.

HELEN CAMPBELL GARDNER, R.

JANETTE MARIE LACROSSE, M.A.

JULIA LOUISE LEWIS, M.A.

HELEN MARGARET NORTHROP, M.A.

NANCY WALLER PARKER, M.A.

OLIVE MAY HINMAN, M.A.

KATE MITCHELL RENFRO, H.A.

MARY BEVERLY RICE, H.A.

MARJORIE THURBER RIKER, M.A.

MARGARET FRANCES SAYRE, M.A.

BERTHA WRIGHT SCOTT, M.A.

JOSEPHINE CHRISTIE SHIELDS, H.A.

GRACE KINNIER TANNER, H.A.

NORINE KING TENNIS, M.A.

VIRGINIA MAY GOOLRICK, I.H.

FRANCES LAMAR WITHERS, H.A.



RUSSELL LITERARY SOCIETY

Russell Literary Society



MOTTO: Cogito Ergo Sum

FLOWER:
Forget-Me-Not

COLORS:
Baby Blue and Gold

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WOODROW WILSON LITERARY SOCIETY

Woodrow Wilson Literary Society

FLOWER:
Pansy

MOTTO: Carpe diem.

COLORS:
Lavender and Purple

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LOUISE RANDOLPH HENLEY
MARJORIE LEIGH HOLLMAN
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EMILY MASON JAMES
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THERESA INEZ LYNCH
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JULIA LATANE RICE
MARJORIE THURMA RIKER
THELMA ESTELLE ROBERTSON

GERTRUDE PATTERSON SAUNDERS
MARGARET FRANCES SAYRE
ROSALIE MAUDE SEAY
SARAH BURKE SPINDLE
MANNIE DALBY TORBERT
INA FRANCES TAYLOR
MANNIE DALBY TORBERT
MADEL MURRY WALKER
ALICE EASON WARREN
MARGARET IRVINE WHITE
LUCY VIRGINIA WILKINS
VIRGINIA MARTHA YAGER
MADELL ADA NASH
MARY ESTELLE SMITH

The Nameless Nymphs



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JOSEPHINE CHRISTIE SHIELDS
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Leader

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ELIZABETH CARDWELL CHENERY
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DRAMATIC CLUB VAUDEVILLE



JUMPING JACKS



DOWN IN MICHIGAN

The Dramatic Club



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Vice-President

ALICE EASON WARREN
Secretary

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Stage Manager

Crusors

OLIVE MAY HINMAN
MARGARET ELIZABETH FRASER

VIRGINIA MAY GOOLRICK
SARAH R. MARSHALL

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LUCILE HOOE BOGGS
THERESA MARTYNA DANNEHL
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DOROTHY FREEMAN

LOUISE RANDOLPH HENLEY
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THERESA LYNCH
JANET MARIE LA CROSSE
FANNIE MAE MORGAN

MAEEL ADA NASH
ELIZABETH NINDE
HELEN MARGARET NORTHROP
NANNIE WALLER PARKER
MARGARET DAINGERFIELD REAMY

GERTRUDE PATTERSON SAUNDERS
MARGARET STANLEY SACREY
JOSEPHINE CHRISTIE SHIELDS
MARIE OLGA WARD



REHEARSALS are usually tiresome. Ours have a bit of spice. We print this as a guide to future dramatic clubs:

"There will be a rehearsal of all the parts assigned in the Dramatic Club this afternoon at 4.35. Roll-call will be prompt and fines enforced." This was one of the notices read at chapel exercises. The club members looked at each other and sighed, for the same notice had been read daily for the past two weeks.

"O girls! do keep quiet! It is time to call the roll," we heard the secretary say, as we rushed hurriedly into the auditorium at least ten minutes late. "I don't care!" someone exclaimed: "I just had to wait until the mail was put up."

After roll-call everybody began to talk loudly, and appeared startled when the director rapped on the desk and said, "Whenever you are ready, girls, we will begin the rehearsal. The first thing to be rehearsed is the chorus, 'I Can't Do a Thing with My Hair Since It's Washed.'"

We took our places on the platform and waited for the opening chord, after which we began to sing. Half way through the first verse the music suddenly ceased, and the director said, "Of course, if you each wish to sing a solo, that is all right, but I thought this was a chorus. Begin again, please, and start on time and keep together. Now! One, two, three—start!" This and many other remarks of a similar nature were uttered throughout the entire song until we heard the sound of the supper bell. Then, and not until then, did we hear the director say, "I think this will be a success."

MOTHER GOOSE CLUB





MOTHER GOOSE CLUB

Mother Goose Club



MOTTO: Needles and pins, needles and pins,
When a man marries his trouble begins.

COLORS: Light Blue and White

MASCOT: Little Boy Blue

YELL: Hotcross buns! Hotcross buns!
One a penny, two a penny, hotcross buns!
Hotcross buns! Hot cross buns!
If you have no daughters, give them to your sons.

Geese

Mother Goose - - - - - OLIVE MAY HINMAN
Judy - - - - - NANCY WALLER PARKER
Little Jack Horner - - - - JULIA LOUISE LEWIS
Tweedle-dum - - - - - BERTHA WRIGHT SCOTT
Jack Sprat II - - - - - MARGARET FRANCES SAYRE
Jack - - - - - RUTH ELMORE CLARKSON
Marjorie Daw - - - - - ALICE EASON WARREN

Goslings

Tommy Snooks - - - - KATE MITCHELL RENFRO
Bessie Brooks - - - - MIRIAM HANSFORD PERRIN
Daffy Down Dilly - - - - GERTRUDE PATTERSON SAUNDERS
Ugly Duckling - - - - FANNIE MAE MORGAN
Parson Darby - - - - HELEN HARRINGTON RAINS
Little Miss Muffet - - - - LUCILLE HOOE BOOGS
Little Bo-Peep - - - - LILLIE LEE MICHIE
Baby Bunting - - - - - NORA LEE SYDNOR
Old Mother Hubbard - - GARLAND LEE STRAUGHAN

Constitution

For every evil under the sun
There is a remedy, or there is none.
If there be one, try and find it;
If there be none, never mind it.

By-Laws

Tit for cat—
You kill my dog,
I kill your cat.

Article of Membership

Speak when you are spoken to,
Come when you are called;
Shut the door after you,
And turn to the wall.

Song

Polly, put the kettle on,
And then we'll all have tea.

Game

Dance, Thumpkin, dance!

First Swim: February 14, 1913.
Second Swim: February 14, 1914.
Third Swim: February 14, 1915.

S. N. S.



Just beyond the Rappahannock,
Which has many charms for me,
You may see a stately building
On the Heights of Old Marye.

There the oak trees whisper gently,
And when far away you'll be,
Other girls will still be roaming
On the Heights of Old Marye.

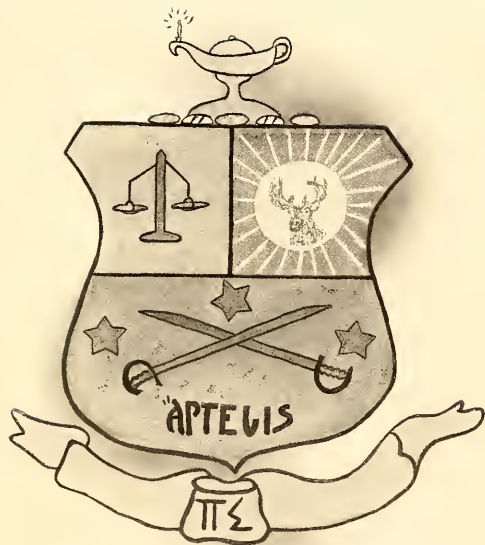
There the air is filled with music,
Made by birds that sing in glee,—
For no place they seek so gladly
As the Heights of Old Marye.

There our sorrows are forgotten,
There from care we're ever free;
At the dear and cherished Normal
On the Heights of Old Marye.

There the maiden's heart is lightest,
That is just the place for me,
Just beyond the Rappahannock,
On the Heights of Old Marye.

"THE WARSAW BUNCH."







THERESA INEZ LYNCH, GERTRUDE PATTERSON SAUNDERS, LUCILE HOOE BOGGS, ELIZABETH CARDWELL CHENERY.
 LEAM BEATRICE FLIPPIN, LILLIE LEE MICHIE, JESSE ELIZABETH HARRIS, MARY THELMA TURNER.

Phi Sigma

Founded December, 1911.



Sorores

LUCILLE HOOE BOGGS, '17

ELIZABETH CARDWELL CHENERY, '15

LEAM BEATRICE FLIPPIN, '17

THERESA INEZ LYNCH, '15

LILLIE LEE MICHIE, '17

GERTRUDE PATTERSON SAUNDERS, '17

MARY THELMA TURNER, '16

Pledges

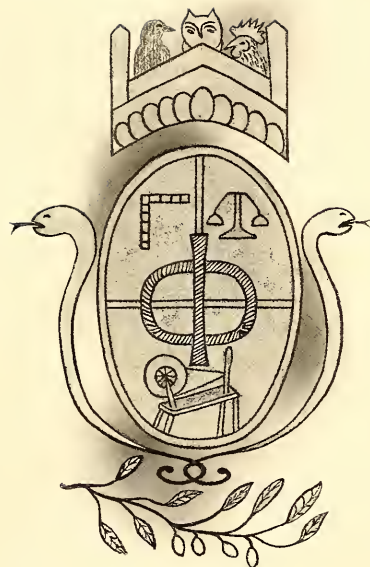
JESSIE ELIZABETH HARRIS, '18

ELIZA BLAND LAMB, '18

Sorores in Urbe

LAURA MAC BOWMAN

MRS. CHARLES MASON SMITH





JUDITH AUGUSTA WRIGHT. BERTHA WRIGHT SCOTT, JULIA LOUISE LEWIS, LOUISE RANDOLPH HENLEY, MARIE OLGA WARD.

PHI SORORITY



FOUNDED NOVEMBER 27, 1912



COLORS: VIOLET and GREEN FLOWER: VIOLET



PATRONEA



OLIVE M. HINMAN VIRGINIA E. STONE

FRANCES L. WITHERS

SORORES IN COLLEGIO

LOUISE HENLEY

MARIE WARD

LOUISE LEWIS

CLAIRE WESTBROOK

BERTHA SCOTT

AUGUSTA WRIGHT

School Song



Air: Blue Bells of Scotland

Oh, why! and oh, why! do we love our Normal School?
Oh, why! and oh, why! do we love our Normal School?
We know she's ever saying, "Welcome," upon the hill;
And it's oh! in our hearts, how we hope to do her will!

How much! Oh, how much! has she done for us these years?
How much! Oh, how much! has she done for us these years?
She's given us wider vision of the life that is to be;
And she's taught us to grasp every opportunity.

We thank, oh! we thank her for all she has bestowed,
We thank, oh! we thank her for all she has bestowed,
We'll sing her praises ever, long wave the green and blue;
And it's oh! from our hearts, that we sing her praises true.

ETHEL J. SMITH.



IS PLEASANT



SURE,



TO SEE

ONE'S NAME IN PRINT;

A BOOK'S A BOOK ALTHOUGH

THERE'S



NOTHING IN'T



BYRON

A Battle of Wits



THE usual Saturday crowd was gathered on the porch of the little country store. On this particular afternoon ten men, perhaps, were loafing around. As there were only four chairs, most of them were sprawling in various places not primarily intended for seats. Dry-goods boxes, a great coil of rope, and even a chicken crate, were pressed into service. As about the same crowd usually congregated here on Saturday afternoons, it was humorously called "The Corn Club," or better still, "The Boasters' Club." After work was finished the neighborhood men would go to the store to get the mail, for the postoffice was here also, or go just simply to talk over crops with each other. At present the greatest bragger of them all was talking, as always, about his corn.

"I tell you," he was saying, "that river bottom of mine is hard to beat. I wouldn't be afraid to say it's the best piece of corn land in the country. Why, the whole field is in full tassel already, and no other one around here has more than a few scattering ones."

"Yes," agreed the storekeeper with a wink at the others, "that's a fine piece of corn—a mighty fine piece. It's wonderful how your crops always turn out, Bill."

This was all that was needed to start Bill Harmon. "I had the same field in last year," he continued, "and made twenty barrels to the acre without fertilizer. The Boys' Corn Club demonstrator looked at my corn the other day and admitted that he couldn't teach me anything along that line."

"Fine, fine!" applauded the merchant, "and how's your wheat coming on?"

This should have been a rather sore subject, as Mr. Harmon had never tried but one crop of wheat, and failed completely in that. A smile passed over the faces of the crowd, but he seemed in no way embarrassed.

"Oh, I don't think much of wheat as a money-making crop," he explained. "It's too much trouble and expense."

"They say Mr. Carter has a good crop," volunteered one of the loafers, a lean, grizzled man who might have posed for a picture of Uncle Sam.

"Yes, he has a fine showing," answered another. "He ought to make a tidy sum from it."

"He may be able to pay off that old mortgage if he succeeds in selling before it is due."

"Well, I hope he succeeds. He deserves it, and I'd like to see someone get ahead of Johnson. He's the stingiest, closest old fellow in the country, and he would go to any lengths to get something he wanted as badly as I understand he wants Carter's farm."

"Talk about being stingy! Why, he makes his own wife buy meal to feed her chickens, while he has corn to sell right now."

"I'll bet he's ready to eat all the chicken he can when it's on the table."

"If it's somebody else's chicken. He doesn't let his wife eat hers. Sells them all himself, then gives her part of the money."

About this time a boy twelve years of age entered the porch. He carried a fishing pole carelessly in one brown fist and a string of fish in the other.

A Battle of Wits.

"What luck, Bob?" asked Mr. Harmon.

Bob proudly held up his string of fish. "Beauties, ain't they?" he asked. I caught them all in about an hour. Any mail for us, Mr. Hilton?" he continued, turning to the postmaster-storekeeper.

"I'll see in a minute, sonny. Sit down somewhere and make yourself comfortable."

Bob sat down on an overturned basket.

"What's the matter, son? You seem to be warm," remarked one of the men.

"I've been chasing Johnson's old mules out of our cornfield," answered Bob. "They're always getting in there. Dad put them up one day and made him come after them. He got pretty mad, but I don't care."

"Why didn't you put them up again?"

"'Cause Dad wasn't at home. He's gone to look for a thresher, and he said not to unless he was here."

"Then why don't you fix the fence?"

"Dad's half's all right," was the prompt reply, "but Johnson won't fix his share. Needn't think we're going to keep the whole fence up."

"That Johnson hasn't been here long," remarked one of the men who had not spoken before, but who had missed none of the talk. "He came from somewhere up North, and I've heard that he wasn't on very good terms with the law up there."

"I've heard that, too. Did you hear what was the trouble?"

"Making counterfeit money, I think. They say there's a big reward for his arrest if they can get the proof needed."

"Well, I wouldn't like to be in his shoes if they ever do get him."

Mr. Hilton came back with a newspaper, which he handed to Bob. "I thought there was a letter, too, for you, my boy," he said, "but I was mistaken."

Rising as he took the paper, Bob started, saying, "I guess I'd better be going. Ma will want the fish for supper."

As he went on his way home whistling cheerfully, his thoughts were very busy with what he had heard at the store about Mr. Johnson.

"Gee!" he said, half aloud. "I wish I could find the proof and get that money. Wouldn't it be fine!"

Supper was over in the Carter home. The moon, shining down through the locust leaves, made queer shadows dance all around. Somewhere nearby a lonely bird was calling mournfully, "Whip-poor-will! Whip-poor-will!" Bob was lounging on the porch steps, half in shadow, half in light. His father and mother were sitting near an open door.

"Say, Dad, did you find a machine, today?" asked Bob, suddenly.

"Nobody except that fellow Jack Robinson would come," answered his father. "If I didn't need to have that wheat threshed right away, I certainly wouldn't use his thresher. The old rattle-trap is ready to fall to pieces any minute."

"Where was Jones or Anderson? Wouldn't either of them come? You've got enough wheat to pay for the trouble of coming."

"Both of them said they had enough crops engaged to keep them busy for a month, though I don't believe a word of that. It looks to me like Johnson has had a hand in keeping them away. He'd be mighty glad if I couldn't pay that mortgage."

A Battle of Wits.

"What day will Robinson get here?" asked Mrs. Carter.

"Not before Thursday, he said, but, of course, that means Friday or Saturday."

"Whew!" whistled Bob, "and the mortgage due two weeks from today! It's a good thing the mill will take the wheat right away."

"I'm willing to bet that Robinson won't get here next week," fretted Mr. Carter. "His old machine will break down if he does come. Then I'll be in a fix. If I don't get that wheat away from here pretty soon, I don't know what we'll do, for Johnson will certainly take the place."

"Oh, quit worrying and come to bed," advised his wife. "You're all tired out from riding so much, and a good night's sleep will make you feel all right again."

All through the succeeding week Mr. Carter fretted and fumed. Certainly the reports from Robinson's machine were not encouraging. There had been a rain which delayed him for a day, then just as he had begun work at the next stackyard one of the workmen had carelessly allowed a fork to run through the machine, breaking several pieces. A delay had followed until new parts could be brought from the city, twelve miles away. As the week passed and still no thrasher, Mr. Carter's state of mind bordered on insanity.

"When will that crazy old machine get here?" he burst out one day. "If it doesn't come soon, I'll be crazy myself. Here I've lost a whole week riding after Robinson to see when he'd get here, and I don't know one bit more than I did last week."

But on Saturday morning he walked into the kitchen about ten o'clock. "Maggie," he said, "Robinson will be here tonight. I expect you will have to give the hands their supper, although they won't thresh any before Monday."

"Very well," answered his wife. "How many shall I have to feed?"

"I don't know exactly; about twenty, I should say." Mr. Carter went out of the door with a quick, nervous step which was fast becoming habitual. The lines had deepened in his face and streaks of gray were showing plainly in his hair.

His wife looked after him with a sigh. "I wish John wouldn't worry so much," she mused. "It doesn't help one bit and makes him feel so bad. What shall I have for supper?"

About four o'clock the thrasher came lumbering into the yard.

"We'll have time to set it before dark," said its owner. "That's all we'll be able to do tonight, but it will be all ready for work early Monday."

While the men worked with a will, digging the holes for the wheels and getting the clumsy contraption in place, Mr. Robinson was going over the thrasher carefully to see that all was in order for work. As he was cleaning out the feeders' box he noticed that one of the bolts was missing.

"Hey, Mr. Carter, have you got a six-inch bolt?"

"None that long," was the answer. "What's the matter now?"

"Why, one of the bolts here has worked out and the place may break Monday."

"Well, I'll send Bob over to the blacksmith's after one. Bob," he called, "go over to the shop and get me a six-inch bolt. Take the short cut through the woods and hurry, son."

Bob hurried away, but had not returned by six o'clock when the men were called to a substantial supper. After the meal was over all the workmen except one left the house, going home with the understanding that they were to

A Battle of Wits.

return for work early Monday morning. The one who remained approached Mr. Carter and asked if he could spend the night with him, saying, "My home is so far away it is too much trouble to go for so short a time."

"Certainly, Mr. Smith, we can keep you," was the answer. "But where is your home?"

The man mentioned a small town about twenty miles away, then explained, "The doctor advised me to get away from the city and work in the open air. As my purse is very slim, I had to take the first place which offered, which happened to be this one on Robinson's machine."

Since Bob had been so long coming back, Mr. Robinson had decided that the bolt would have to be put in place Monday morning, and he, too, had gone to his home. Presently the boy came in, tired, but very much excited.

"Did you get the bolt?" asked his father before he could speak.

"Yes, sir," he answered. "But, Dad, you know that old house down on the river, 'way back out of sight? I saw old man Johnson going up towards it as I was on my way to the shop, then as I was coming back I heard such a lot of hammering up there I went to see what was going on."

"What did you find?" asked his father, forgetting to scold him for staying so long.

"Why, Mr. Johnson and two other men were up there making something."

"Who?" inquired Mr. Smith suddenly.

"Mr. Johnson."

"What did you say he was doing?"

"Making something, but I don't know what."

"I wonder if it can be?" muttered Mr. Smith.

"Who? What? Do you know anything about him?" asked Mr. Carter, surprised at his interest.

"Oh, I've just heard about his queer ways," was the evasive answer. "But is he still there, Bob? I'd like to see myself what he is doing?"

"He's gone away now, but he'll be there Monday night. I heard him tell the other men to come back when they left. He said, 'Now, you get up a good fire tomorrow night, and both of you be here promptly Monday night.' He didn't see me, 'cause I hid in the bushes."

"That's good!" exclaimed Mr. Smith. "Suppose we go, too, and see what's up?"

The next day passed by very quietly, with no hint of coming trouble. That night, after all had been in bed for some time, Mr. Carter was awakened by a light glaring in his window. Springing out of bed to see what was the matter, he found that the whole stackyard was in a blaze. One call awoke Bob and Mr. Smith, who were sleeping in an adjoining room, and told them what was happening. Jerking on their clothes as they ran, they were at the scene in a few minutes, but the fire was beyond their control. Wheat and thresher were soon consumed. Only a huge pile of smoldering ashes and the engine at a short distance were left to show what had once stood there. Down-hearted at their loss, the men slowly returned to the house.

"I guess it's all up with us, Maggie," said Mr. Carter. "The wheat's gone, but it's perfectly clear to my mind that someone set it on fire."

"Couldn't it have caught by a spark from the engine?" suggested Mrs. Carter.

"It's not very likely," replied Mr. Smith. "You see, if it had, I think it would have burned sooner. I agree with Mr. Carter that someone must have done it on purpose."

A Battle of Wits.

"That remains for us to find out," said Mr. Carter. "But it'll do no good even if I should, for I don't know how I'll ever pay the mortgage now."

"Won't the insurance cover it?"

"I can't get it in time. There's too much red tape. Well, there's one fellow who'll be glad and that's Johnson."

A sudden thought seemed to strike the minds of all. An uneasy silence lasted for a few seconds, then was broken by Mr. Carter.

"We'll have to leave it until morning. We can do nothing tonight, so let's go back to bed. It's nearly two o'clock now. Come, my son," and he lifted the boy, who was nearly asleep.

When Mr. and Mrs. Carter were alone, he said: "Maggie, I can't think of but one person who could have interest in destroying that wheat."

"Yes," she agreed slowly after a pause, "but surely he couldn't have wanted the farm that much."

"I expect he wanted to get even as much as anything else. You know he was mad about those mules, and then, too, he wants this place pretty badly to finish out what he calls his estate."

"But he had no cause for getting mad about those mules. It's his own part of the fence that's down."

"That makes no difference. He's one who can't see any side but his own."

He remained lost in thought for a few minutes before speaking again, then asked: "Maggie, do you remember what Bob said he told that man Saturday night?"

"Something about getting up a good fire, wasn't it?"

"Yes, and he meant my wheat, the old rascal!"

"Well, I can't see what we'll do," answered his wife, "but perhaps it will all work out for the best. Suppose we quit talking now. I've got to give those men their breakfast, anyway."

Next morning the hands were all at the farmhouse by six o'clock. Great was the wonder and surprise expressed by all. Mr. Robinson's wrath rose, for, although his machine was getting old, yet with it he made a good part of his income. Breakfast over, after examining the ashes thoughtfully, the workmen departed, as they had no further excuse for lingering. Only Mr. Robinson, who was muttering threats of what he was going to do, and Mr. Smith were left.

"Well, my man," said Robinson to the latter, "I'm sorry I can no longer give you a job, but, you see, I'm out of one myself. I hope you will succeed in getting another soon."

"Thank you," was the surprising answer, "but I have one right now in which I need your help, and yours, too, Mr. Carter," turning to that gentleman, who was standing near, looking dazed.

"What's that?" exclaimed the two simultaneously.

"You'll know in a minute." Then, addressing Mr. Carter: "Do you remember that tale Bob told Saturday night about seeing Johnson and a couple of fellows making something? Johnson is an old offender and the Government has wanted him for some time, but was unable to get the proof needed. I went over and investigated that old house myself last night. What do you think I found? A complete mint for turning out United States coins. Now, if I can just catch them at it, I'll have all I need to convict the whole gang."

"Who are you, anyway?" demanded Robinson. "I thought all the time you were not what you said you were."

The man smiled, pulled a badge from his pocket, and said, "This will explain. A lot of bad money has been put out down here lately, so Uncle Sam sent me to find out about it. As the easiest way of getting in touch with the people, I accepted this place on Mr. Robinson's machine force."

A Battle of Wits.

"Is your name Smith?" was Mr. Robinson's next question.

"It is really Smith, too common to need changing. Now, I want you two to help me get these men tonight. From what Bob said they'll be at the old cabin tonight."

"Of course, we'll go, and gladly," they agreed.

"Do you mind if Bob goes along? He put me on their trail first and he'll be disappointed if he can't go."

"Certainly, the boy may go," answered his father. "He's has as much trouble as I in keeping those old mules out of the corn."

Thus it was arranged. Mr. Smith explained to Bob what he had discovered and the boy's excitement could hardly be controlled.

"It's better'n a story!" he exclaimed.

Until the time came to start, Bob thought that the minutes had never passed so slowly. The party went quietly to the old deserted cabin. A light showing thru the chinks and a dull thump, thump told that the ones they sought were within. As the cabin had only one door and one tiny window, Mr. Smith placed Bob behind the window while he and the other two guarded the door.

In a pause between the thumps, they heard Johnson say, "I'm glad this job is nearly finished. We've got to get out of this place pretty soon and you fellows must get out of the neighborhood. There's too much talk going on about that fire last night."

"I made a good job of it," growled one.

"One reason why it's so important for you to get away. I took good care to be seen by some folks around here who think they are 'some punkins.' Nobody knows you are here, so no suspicion can fall on you."

"Will you get Carter's farm, now?"

"I think so. He expected to pay the mortgage from the proceeds of the wheat; but, of course, he can't now. The farm is easily worth eight thousand. I'll have a fair-sized country place when this is added to mine."

"Where do we come in?"

"Oh, you'll get your share when I get the farm. Just finish this and get away from here."

Outside the minutes had passed like hours to Bob. At last, he heard Mr. Smith open the door and say, "Yes, Joe, there's a nice place waiting for you on the road."

The men turned quickly to find themselves covered by a revolver.

"Hands up!" commanded Mr. Smith, sharply. "There's no use to try any tricks, Johnson. We have you for keeps this time."

The guilty men stood cowed by the pistol and the keen, hard eyes behind it. After calling in the others, Mr. Smith, with their aid, quickly bound the hands of the counterfeiters together.

"Now, you fellows, move on up to Mr. Carter's house," commanded the government officer.

Arrived there, the detective said, "Mr. Carter, if you don't mind, I'd like to borrow your horse and wagon to carry these fellows to jail." Then he turned to Bob, "There's a reward of four thousand offered for these men, and it's coming to you," he said kindly.

"But I didn't capture them," remonstrated Bob, bewildered, yet delighted.

"No, but I'd never have found them if it hadn't been for you."

"Oh, Dad, we can pay the mortgage, now!" exclaimed Bob.

VIRGINIA BOLEN.

Poor Teaching Senior



T'S jump out of bed as the breakfast bell rings ;
Jump into your clothes and fly down as on wings ;
Then swallow one biscuit—a piece of dry toast—
Rush back to your room and try not to boast
If your bed is made up and your room almost straight
When it's time to rush off to a deadlier fate.
The dear, precious children will meet you half-way ;
But it will not be long before you will say,
"They're the wiggliest, wriggliest imps ever seen !"
Sometimes you will let yourself think they are mean.
Soon back to the Normal again you must go,
And to History class be just as late as you're slow.
At last in your room you may sit down to rest,—
But the dinner bell rings in a minute or less.
With afternoon lectures your brains fairly scethe ;
They don't give you even a chance once to breathe ;
From four-thirty to six you're in quite a whirl ;
It is worst for a Glee Club or basket-ball girl.
At the table again, eat all that you can ;
Run back up the stairs and write a long plan ;
When at last, quite exhausted, you roll into bed
You sleep 'most as soundly as if you were dead.
Yes, poor teaching Senior, thus spend you the day ;
For all that semester it's just the same way.

SOPH BROOKING.

Problems of Educational Readjustment—The Seniors



“Peggy”

She's as bright a child as e'er I saw—
But I cannot make her work;
She'll not read, she will not draw,
There's nothing she'll not shirk.

Her big brown eyes with mischief shine—
She's not the least bit slow—
If you're not quick, oh, friend of mine,
She'll keep you on the go.

Robert

Within the Second Grade I found
A little boy so dear
I thought from him no troublous sound
Of noise I'd ever hear.

While on the art of music sweet,
I thought his mind was bent;
From under desk came little feet
To trip his neighbor sent.

With all your pranks, dear little boy,
(And they were not a few)
Your little face, so full of joy,
Makes me remember you!

Perry

The one to start the noise, of course,
Was Percy at the back,
Whose fist came down with such a force,
His neighbor's eye was black.

Dear Second-grader! I can see
Your calm and wistful face;
You want to get ahead of me,
And play a “wild-goose” chase.

How well do I remember you
With all your playthings gay,
At just the time for Reading, too,
Resolved to win *your* way.

Problems of Educational Readjustment—The Seniors



Claiborne

We've heard of mules that will not move,
And balky horses, too,
But Claiborne has them "beat a mile,"
For 'suation will not do.

Mary Sled

Oh, Mary Sled, in the Third Grade,
Presents a problem sure,
She always bounces up to speak
When teacher has the floor.

Her winning ways and deep dark eyes
Attract the other sex,
But when she talks to them so much
The teacher she does vex.

And Mary Sled will fret and fume
About some small affair;
But when it comes to do the stunt
The burden she can bear.

Harry Berry

Psychologists all tell us
That the problem of the child
Is an easy one to handle—
"Treat him with manner mild."

Harry came into the schoolroom
Singing, dancing, whistling, too,
And my theory all then vanished,
I wondered what to do!

I used a hundred measures
That would foil him in his play
But found that Harry Berry
Would always have his way.

The Faculty



Of all the wise folks in the land,
Our faculty's the wisest band,
From north and south they come to be
Instructors in *our* school, you see.
First, Mr. Russell, our President fine,
His honored place holds in the line.
Next Mr. Chandler, our wise Dean,
A busy man as may be seen.
Miss M. C. Forbes is Head of the Home,
She'll catch you if downtown you roam.
Her able assistant is Mrs. Chew,
Who leaves notes, if your room won't do.
Psychologically, Mr. Tyner shows,
"Other things equal," how the mind grows.
The critic(al) teacher is Miss Stone.
When she observes, the Seniors groan!
Miss Dadmun, who is wondrous wise,
Brings Literature before our eyes.
Miss Peoples teaches English, too.
She brings us classics, old and new.
Miss Goolrick gives us history notes.
On battles and dates she fairly dotes.
Mr. Hamlet is our math. sage great,
"Please notice," he says, sure as fate.
G. M. Harrison, assistant in Math.,
A big bark but a small bite hath.
Miss Withers shows us how to cook.
(She uses Farmers' Recipe Book.)

The Faculty

Miss Hinman of Manual Arts has charge,
Her classes are ardent as well as large.
"Open your mouths and stand up straight,"
Miss Fraser utters this mandate;
While in the Gym, Miss Marshall tells
How to grow stronger with dumb-bells.
Piano lessons Miss Willis gives,
Her sweetness ever in us lives.
Our language teacher is Miss Black
Who scorns us when we knowledge lack.
In Rural Arts Miss Atkinson knows
'Most every plant and how it grows.
And Dr. Smith comes every day,
To drive our aches and pains away.
Tall Mr. Chesley sends home bills,
For books and board and doctor's pills,
And his assistant, Miss Moncure,
Is a good one, you may be sure.
The housekeeper, Mrs. Carter kind,
Gives us the best things she can find.
Miss Bessie Chesley, always bright,
Does Mr. Russell's letters write.
And now, I'm sure, you'll all agree,
A faculty most wise, have we!

MARGARET IRVINE WHITE.

An Industrious Girl



A little girl named Natalie,
Industrious as she could be,
Swept all the dust into the hall,
And never used a pan at all.

And you need not stop to ask,
As she looked up from her task,
Mrs. Chew came walking past,
And she was lectured hard and fast.

Then she to the storeroom went ;
Ten cents of her money spent ;
She did not stop nor think to prink,
But bought a dust-pan in a wink.

—N. L. MATTHEWS

To the Monitor



Oh ! thou monitor of the hall,
Respected and obeyed by all,
Art thou listening for a squall
From a girl ?

Vigilant watcher, have no fear,
Do not tax thy dainty ear ;
We'll make no noise that thou cans't hear
For the world !

—N. C. HARRISON.

"Society is now one polish'd horde,
Form'd of two mighty tribes, &
The bores and the bored." ❀

Byron



Commencement Exercises of 1914



Friday, May 29, 8 P. M.—Open-air Concert, Glee Club.

Saturday, May 30, 11 A. M.—Class Day Exercises.

Saturday, May 30, 3 P. M.—Meeting of Alumnae Association.

Saturday, May 30, 8 P. M.—Senior Class Play.

Sunday, May 31, 8 P. M.—Baccalaureate Sermon, Dr. McLaughlin.

Monday, June 1, 5 P. M.—Alumnae Reception to Seniors and Faculty.

Monday, June 1, 8 P. M.—Graduating Exercises.

"Seeing Annapolis"



ALL the fall we had heard of the wonderful football games at Annapolis, and whenever anyone came within ten feet of Mr. Harrison she was sure to hear, "It will be a fine opportunity for the girls to see a good game of football; then, too, they may have time to see a little something of the Naval Academy." We became very enthusiastic, and on October 23, 1914, took a trip to Annapolis to see the Naval Academy, and, if possible, to see a little something of the football game! Bertie C., under Dr. Smith's guidance, rounded up our party early in the morning, and we left on an early train for Washington, going from there by trolley to Annapolis. Dr. Smith's brother, Lieutenant Taylor Smith, U. S. N., and his wife cordially welcomed us to their home, which became "headquarters" for the day. With them we visited all the interesting places on the Naval Academy grounds and in the buildings. We were particularly interested in the tomb in the chapel where the body of John Paul Jones now rests, because of his associations with Fredericksburg, his "only home in America." The monument which commemorates the opening of commerce between the United States and Japan, and the flags captured from other nations, were of great interest to us. The morning drills on the broad, sunny campus, just beyond which lies the glittering water; the dinner formation in prompt response to the bugle call, and the inspiring strains of the band playing martial airs still linger in our memories.

Mrs. Smith's dainty luncheon was one of the most popular features of the day.

The game between the Naval Academy and the Western Reserves was well played. While seating ourselves on the grandstand with the midshipmen, whom should we see but our own Dean, Mr. Chandler, who surprised us by coming. The cheering at the Naval Academy is a fine art, and the rooting of the middies—it was some rooting!—and meant winning for the Academy that day. Going home, with tired bodies but happy hearts, we decided that if Annapolis was in Falmouth, life would be worth living.

Y. W. C. A. Book Party



IN the night of November 27 all the students and the faculty were invited by the Y. W. C. A. to a "Book Party" in the auditorium. The girls were asked to come representing some well-known book. As a result the auditorium represented a "human library." The books, being well chosen, were very effectively carried out. Excitement held full sway while each girl tried to guess the greatest number of books. When time was called Janet LaCrosse was awarded the first prize, a box of candy.

Several games were played, a bountiful supper was served, and everyone voted the evening delightful.

The third Y. W. C. A. entertainment of the year was held in the auditorium February 12, 1915. Mr. Carmichael, a splendid impersonator, who at one time was connected with Polk Miller, gave a number of humorous readings in negro dialect. He was encored again and again, each selection being received with more enthusiasm than the last. Miss Fraser and Mr. Chas. Hassell then sang a duet, which was followed by a solo by Mr. Hassell. While refreshments were being served the Victrola was played, after which Mr. Carmichael gave his final reading.



Hallowe'en and Marshmallows



ONE of the most enjoyable affairs of the year was a marshmallow toast given by the faculty on Hallowe'en night to the students of the school. The campus was dotted with many bonfires, around which we toasted the marshmallows, and incidentally our fingers. When the last marshmallow had been toasted we formed a great circle and danced about the dying fires, singing old-time songs. Everyone had a most delightful time and decided that the occasion was one which was well worthy of being repeated at future Hallowe'en celebrations.

Y. W. C. A. Reception



HE Young Women's Christian Association gave a reception on the evening of September 19, 1914, in honor of the new girls. The receiving line was composed of the Y. W. C. A. cabinet and faculty adviser, Miss Stone, who welcomed the entire student body and faculty, making the new girls feel as if they, too, were "old girls."

The evening's entertainment was begun by a reunion of the Washington, Lee, Madison and Jefferson families, and to the surprise of all every student and every member of the faculty belonged to one of these four distinguished families! Miss Fraser gave several musical selections, which charmed all who were present. Last but not least were the refreshments, after which the evening's enjoyment closed.



The Y. W. C. A. Bazaar



HE Christmas Bazaar given for the benefit of the Y. W. C. A. was held in Russell Hall on the 12th of December. In the dining-room of the Household Arts Department a dainty supper was served, and sandwiches and candy were sold in another part of the room. The fancy-work booth made a gay and tempting display of Christmas gifts.

An especial attraction was the Japanese table, where genuine Japanese articles were sold by a little "Jap." All of the fancy articles were made by the girls in school, and it is to them that the success of the Bazaar was due. Seventy dollars was realized. During the evening moving pictures were shown in the auditorium. In spite of the bad weather the Bazaar was a most marked success.

The Faculty Christmas Tree

ON the night before Christmas holidays everyone was surprised with an invitation to come over to the auditorium to sing Christmas carols.

We went to sing, but remained to—well, to enjoy very many surprises. Christmas glees and carols by Miss Fraser and Miss Marie Ward; selections by the Glee Club, and a lovely German Carol by Miss Marshall increased our pleasure.

We were preparing to leave when all of a sudden the lights went out. The curtain slowly rose, and what should we see on the stage but the most brilliantly lighted tree! That wasn't all, either, for cornucopias filled with Christmas candies were given to everyone.

We went away, feeling as though we had been visited by the Old Saint himself, and with the Christmas Spirit increased tenfold.



Our Trip to Washington

THE study of arts and craftwork is being made in all our schools "to draw inspiration from the early masters," so we, a small band of thirteen, having studied the historical development in one of our departments, and the process in two other departments, in our school, went to Washington Friday, Jan. 22, to see what "made in America" meant. This special exhibit of Arts and Crafts was given in the Octagon House, which was at one time the home of "Dolly" Madison. The house, built in Colonial style, is named from its unusual plan, and is famous as the meeting place of many distinguished statesmen.

The exhibit under the auspices of the Art and Archaeology League displayed modern and every-day handicraft work. Silverware designed by Paul Revere, whose name stands as high in that art as it does in American History, was exhibited next to the work of contemporary silversmiths. Tapestries and prints from ancient and modern looms were displayed, and the work in binding and illuminating books was shown. Jewelry designing held a beautiful place as the work of American women. Laces and furniture, pottery and glass were important features of the exhibit.

Note books, "made in school" were quickly produced and sketches and designs were made for home use.

But the exhibit was not all. Our horizons could be broadened still more.

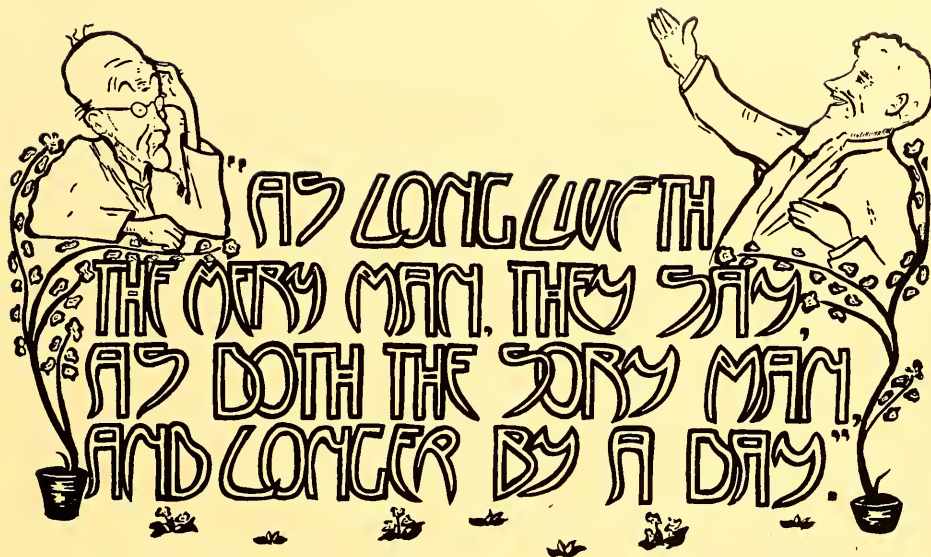
After a satisfying lunch, off we went to the National Museum. You have been there—so you know what we saw, and we are ready to go again to see the rest! Then to Rock Creek, to see St. Gauden's wonderful "Peace."

The Corcoran Gallery was the next point, and although we saw the beautiful paintings and statuary there, and the Bureau of South American Republics, and Billy Burke in "Jerry," "Uncle Sam at work," the Congressional Library and the White House, all paled before the climax of our trip, which was the meeting with the President, whose grave, kindly and courteous greeting and cordial handshake went straight to our hearts.

Do we remember the trip? Did it make an impression on us? Ask us. We number thirteen, and can truly say that we had good luck and a good time, even if two of us did get lost, and had to be found; even if we did buy post-cards at every corner; even if we did go home at night tired out, at least we went rejoicing, and we too can say "Haec olim meminisse juvabit."



SECTION OF GROVE



On the Spur of the Moment



Mr. Tyner (expecting the reply "instinct") asked: "What is curiosity?"

Clara B.: "Curiosity is the keynote of knowledge."

Va. F. (to Minnie and Selma talking in the library): "Girls, the library is open!"

Minnie: "I'd hate to think it was shut up with me in here!"

Miss Atkinson: "Can any of you tell me what a mirage is?"

Gladys P. (excitedly): "It's a place where automobiles are kept."

Julia M. (while practicing basket ball) asked: "Va., what's the score?"

Va.: "12 to 12."

Julia: "In whose favor?"

Catharine: "Where do the lights go when they go out?"

Pearl: "Why, they go to town."

Louise H. (in History of Education class): "Mr. Tyner, a, e, i, o, u, and sometimes x and y are called the vowels. Can you tell me a word in which x is a vowel?"

Blanch P. (at the dinner table): "Are we going to have hot chocolate or whipped cream for dessert?"

Minnie T.: "I have just had the longest walk; walked three miles, one over to Freeman's and two back."

Ina T.: "You goose! If it's one mile there, won't it be one mile back?"

Minnie T.: "Not necessarily."

Ina: "Of course it will. If it's ten feet from here to that tree, won't it be ten feet from that tree here?"

Minnie: "That's very good for you, but listen: How long is it from Xmas to New Year?"

Ina: "One week."

Minnie: "Well, is it one week from New Year to Xmas?"

Lelia B. (at the breakfast table): "Why is this called grape-fruit? Does it grow on grape vines?"

A Borrowing Neighbor: "Clara, have you any laundry slips?"

Clara B.: "No, but I have some slips in the laundry."

Ettienette B.: "Beulah, do you like oysterettes?"

Beulah D.: "I never tasted any that way, but I believe I like them stewed best of all."

On the Spur of the Moment.

History Student: "Teutonic, Teutonic, what is meant by Teutonic?"

Flip: "The dominant chord."

Nancy C. when trout was brought in: "Well, sir, if we haven't sardines for supper again tonight!"

Miss A.: "What do we mean by the cud of a cow?"

Sara B.: "Oh, that's one of her organs, isn't it?"

Mary Anne: "Ina, why were you gone so long?"

Ina (after a half hour's search): "Mary Anne, will you please come downstairs and help me find the crank on the telephone? I can't find it, and I'm in a big hurry."

Joyce B.: "What is Philosophy about?"

Maude: "It's about this thick."

Thirsty pupil in Manual Arts Class: "Don't you love horsenecks?"

Bertha S.: "I always did love to hug dear old horses."

Maude (to Joyce, who is turning on the water to wash her hands): "Joyce, where in the world is my knife?"

Joyce: "What do you think I want with it now?"

Latane: "Oh, to cut the water off, perhaps!"

Miss A. (in Nature Class): "Is the farmer justifiable in putting a scarecrow in his garden if he doesn't provide other food for the birds?"

Noel M.: "Well, Miss A., wouldn't the scarecrow eat as much as the other birds?"

Miss A. (in Nature Class to Miss W., who is chewing gum and has her feet in the aisle): "Miss W., please take that gum out of your mouth and put your feet in."

Miriam: "Did you know that student government has prohibited our taking utensils from the dining-room or kitchen?"

Kate: "Mercy, me! We can't take any more rolls upstairs."

T. Lynch (to girl who has gotten a barrel of oysters): "Will you give me one of those things to take to the training school tomorrow? I've got to teach the oyster, and I'll need one to show the children; but I am scared to death the fiendish thing is going to bite me."

On the Spur of the Moment.

Mabel W. (to Alma R., who is wearing a new spring hat in February): "Oh, I didn't know you were being initiated into the Mother Goose Club!"

Elizabeth C. (to Mr. C.): "This photographer can make you look pretty, Mr. C. You had better seize the opportunity."

T. L. (telling the fourth grade about the Monk St. Valentine): "Can anyone tell us what a monk is?"

Small Boy (waving hand frantically): "Something that eats peanuts!"

Critic Teacher (teaching observation lesson for the Juniors): "Can any of you tell me where Danville is?"

Small Boy (looking interested): "On the railroad track."

Ula C.'s mother, when Ula left home, moaned: "Our daughter has left us!"

Ula's Father: "Yes, but she hasn't left us much."

Mr. C. (to Mr. H., Professor of Chemistry): "I wish you would lower your windows when your class is performing an experiment, because the odor is very disagreeable to me and my class."

Mr. H.: "Pshaw! Mr. Chandler, you don't smell anything but the old dead language you teach."

Miss S. (teaching "The Village Blacksmith"): "What is an anvil, Bell?"

Miss L.: "It is something a blacksmith puts his shoes on." Whereupon the class concludes that anvil was a synonym for feet.

Miss D. (in Literature Class): "Miss B., tell us something of the life of Spenser."

Miss B.: "Spenser was born at East Smithfield. He was educated at Cambridge, and soon after leaving there he went to the north of England, where he met a very beautiful girl and got *crazy about her*."

Nancy P. (to Ruth C., who has just come in from the Literary Society meeting): "Well, what was on the program tonight?"

Ruth C.: "Oh, Miss M. danced an *athletic* dance."

Nancy P.: "Athletic dance? I never heard of such! You must be mistaken."

Ruth C.: "Well, 'twas on the program, and I reckon I saw it. She jumped around a whole lot like she does in 'gym.'"

After some discussion Nancy learned that Ruth was talking about an *aesthetic* dance.

“Deft Definitions”

“A hair, perhaps, divides the false and true.”
Faculty comment—“It do.”

	LTRUISM—Sweeping your neighbor's room. PPRECIATION—Envy in sheep's clothing. CTOR—One who pays more attention to the bill-board than the board-bill.
	IOGRAPHY—Posterity's revenge. ARGAIN—The spendthrift's excuse. REACH-OF-PROMISE SUIT—Advertising a lost opportunity. ANQUET—A fifty-cent dinner for which you pay five dollars.
	LOTHER don't make the girl, but merely break her. ONSCIENCE—The infernal whisper that says, “Don't do it; you might get caught.” OURAGE—Going <i>calmly</i> to a test on “parellel” you haven't read.—What it takes to make a pleasant little remark to Miss Forbes. ANDOR—What a girl thinks about another girl's dress. Tact is what she says about it. ONTENTMENT—Ambition gone to seed. URIOSITY—Va. Gordon.—The sensation we never feel concerning Sunday night supper. IVIL SERVICE—That which the faculty get in the dining-room, but the girls do not. OZY CORNER—Any corner without a chaperon.
	EBRIS—Lesson plans that have been corrected by the critic teachers. EDICATION—An epitaph written to a person before he dies, which epitaph is usually found near the beginning of books—Example,—see page 4. ELICATE—That state which renders a girl incapable of taking “gym,” but does not interfere with her taking 40 ft. jumps and 5 mile dashes on Field Day. ESSERT—Bread pudding, whipped cream, cream puffs or fruit salad. EVICE—That which a would-be teacher seizes on to, cherishes, embraces and sleeps with—so says Mr. T.—therefore the class concluded it was a synonym for “crush.” IGNITY—An unnatural attitude assumed by the Seniors when entering the training school. IPLOMAS—A mystical, far-away end in view, so alluring that the disagreeable means thereto are lost sight of in the process. ISMISS—What Mr. C. did to the man who ran the wheel off his automobile.

“Deft Definitions”

	CONOMICAL SANDWICHES—Those sold for 3 for 5 cents by the Economics Class for the benefit of the poor. NGAGEMENT RING—“The evidence of things hoped for; the substance of things not seen.” XTRAVAGANCE—Buying test pads when you need a spring hat. DUCTION—The assimilation of basket-ball, receptions, call-downs, honor beads, Camp Fire hikes, midnight feasts, tramps to Freeman’s, the training school, note books, measles, chicken-pox, castor-oil, “parallel,” canned brains, lectures and commencement dresses in such a manner as to obtain the greatest psychological, sociological and philosophical satisfaction to the individual and to society.
	AME—A + on Miss Dadman’s tests. URIOUS—A word expressing the pleasure a girl experiences when she is kissed. RANKNESS—A quality that wins for one that all-important characteristic which one should put above all else at all times—honor.
	ENEROSITY—That virtue possessed by one who does not lock the door when she gets a box from home. “RAFT, and the world grafts with you.” ENIUS—What a mother calls her first child. OSSIP—Preliminary work in preparing for tests. RATITUDE—That feeling the Seniors have when the critic teachers do not observe them.
	ABIT—Anything we do without thinking—Example—going to town without permission. ASH—Goodness only knows what! ARMONY—The state of the Glee Club previous to L. Henley’s entrance. OMESICKNESS—An epidemic which is prevalent in school twice every year. AM—A term which has become archaic at the Normal School.

"Drift Definitions"

	T is a wise girl who does not mistake attentions for intentions. NCONSISTENCY—The Seniors in theory and then in practice teaching. LLUSION—What Va. Bolen labored under when she thought she could write poetry. NSPIRATION—The malady with which Elizabeth C—— is afflicted, when, after a two year's course under Mr. T—— she gives to the class the entirely original theory that "there is no impression without expression."
	EST—A bride's promise "to obey." EALOUSY—The feeling that makes you want to claw that girl's eyes out who walks around the dormitory with your "crush." USTICE—Chief characteristic of the Executive Committee.
	NOWLEDGE—That which only Seniors possess. INDNESS—That sensation which overcomes a girl when she decides to give another her dessert. NOCKING—(but seldom hitting)—The favorite pastime of many — ??
	ABOR—Keeping from going to sleep in the afternoon classes. IBRARY—The meeting place where lively conversations are carried on between classes. UCK—Going to class without having read the lesson, and not being called upon. UXURY—Both gravy and dressing with chicken on Sunday.—"Light reading" assigned by Mr. T. OVE—That feeling which we do not entertain for fish.
	ATRICULATION—Writing your family history when entering the Normal School. ISGIVINGS—Feelings produced by a quiz. ODERN DRAMA—All work and no plays. URMUR—Oral expression from a class when a "pop" test is given.

“Deft Definitions”

	NECESSITY—The only thing which induces us to read parallel. NERVE—Going to see a girl whom you’ve never visited before when she gets a box from home. ONSENSE—Reading “parallel” when you can borrow the notes from someone else. OVELTY—Silence cloths.
	OPPORTUNITY—Cars which cannot be boarded by those wearing hobble skirts. OPTIMIST—The man who drives his car over the roads between the Normal and town in winter, expecting no delay or mishap. LEOMARGARINE—A parody on butter. VERWORKED—All of us (?).
	OSSESSION is nine points of the law ; self-possession is the tenth. OPULARITY—The state a girl suddenly reaches when she gets a big box from home. OET—See page 28.
	QUESTIONS. The Servant Question—To get one. The Social Question—To live beyond your means and keep out of debt. The Sunday Question—To get up in time for church. The Question—Asking her.
	RECEPTION—That which all Seniors expect from Juniors. ROUGE—The only thing for which a “Normal” girl has been known not to advertise when she loses it. ROOT—To yell at games or be game at yells. ROUTERS—Those that make a roar while the players make the score.

"Deft Definitions"

	ECRET—Marks on practice teaching. USPICION—April 1st. YMPATHY—The pat you get on the back after you've been "raked over the coals" unmercifully by the critic teacher.
	AINTED MONEY—A new variety of sour grapes. ACT—What Miss N—— displayed when she said to her class at the training school in the absence of the critic teacher, "Children, please keep quiet. I like to get good marks as well as you do, and when you misbehave I get low ones." ROUSSEAU—Any article of wearing apparel a person buys just before entering matrimony. Example—Mr. H—— bought a set of harness.
	TOPIAN—The dream that two can live as cheaply as one. NEASINESS—That creepy feeling you have when you're in town without permission and see Miss Forbes coming down the street. NREASONABLE—Anyone who leaves a cake on her table when she goes out, expecting to find it there when she returns.
	ANITY—Seeing yourself as you would have others see you. ISIONARY—That person who thinks to herself at S. N. S.—"We will have a good dinner." AGUE—The Seniors' knowledge of History of Ed.

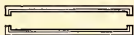
"Deft Definitions"



ISDOM—Staying in bed with a pretended malady all the morning preceding a test on History of Education in the afternoon. Then going to the test and making A +.

ORRY—Interest paid on worry before it is due.

OMAN'S RIGHTS—The privilege of teaching in a one-room school, one hundred children, teaching aforesaid children for eight hours a day, receiving for her small service the amount of \$25 per month, and after fifty years of faithful work in the profession receiving all of half that sum each year, in order that she may be able to spend her old age in luxurious idleness.



Lost and Found

FOUND—By Miss Fraser on the book shelves in Chapel, a note which read as follows: "There is every type of old maid on that stage." (Mr. Hamlet was on the stage that morning.) Miss S——, when hearing this, remarked, "I never sit on the stage."

FOUND—By the students, that a wise answer maketh a good mark. Also that a good guess is better than a flat failure.

FOUND—By the Seniors—that, "other things being equal," all the theories learned in their Junior year do not work out in the training school.

FOUND and adopted by the Junior Class this motto:

"Late to bed, and early to rise,
Study like 'rip' and memorize."

FOUND—In Caroline H.'s suitcase, when the basket-ball team went down to Richmond to play the Y. W. C. A.—a large Bible.

FOUND—By the girls after the game was over, that prayers weren't necessary for S. N. S.

LOST—By the photographer—one perfectly good camera, broken while in the act of taking the Woodrow Wilson Literary Society.

Wanted



To know how Alva B. laughs? Tee! Hee!

To know by Mae Hundley—What kind of bird is the Virginia Creeper?

To know—Should Fannie “Land-on” Nancy, would Marie “Ward off” the blow?

To know—If Beulah will sweep the floor, will Fay “Sprinkle” it?

By Miss Dadmun—Students with a sense of humor.

By Miss Marshall—Students with a sense of rhythm.

By the book agent—To see all the Seniors.

By different girls, after they have seen their pictures—To know if the photographer can hook the dress, put the lavalliere on the outside of the dress, change the expression of the eyes, and take the crimps out of the hair without disturbing the arrangement?

By the photographer—Reasonable requests.

By Miss Dadmun—To know whether or not can Augusta “Wright?”

To know why the kiss between Marie W—— and Lemira C—— on the trunk in the hall was like Halley’s comet?
Because only the tail-end of it was seen.

Exchanges

You can always tell a Freshman, but you can't tell her much.

On an examination this question was asked, "Why are the days longer in summer than in winter?"

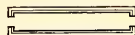
A promising pupil wrote this reply, "Because heat expands and cold contracts."

Mrs. Newcomer: "We are very near neighbors now; I've moved into the house by the lake."

Mrs. Oldresident: "I hope you'll drop in some day."

Some Freshmen stood on the burning deck,
But as far as the Sophs could learn,
They stood in perfect safety,
For they were too green to burn.

Lives of Seniors all remind us
We some day those heights may climb,
And by asking skillful questions
Take up Mr. Tyner's time.



Facultisms

Mr. Russell: It is my peculiar pleasure, young ladies, to have Prof. — speak to you on Friday night. Everyone is expected to be present.

Mr. Chandler: Now, what have we here?

Mr. Tyner: To be sure, you ought to enjoy Philosophy; it's so prettily put!

Mr. Hamlet: Now, don't let's have trouble with that; I simply want you to note the experiment.

Miss Stone: Um, hum, that's true, but why?

Miss Dadmun: Miss —, will you venture an opinion on this subject?

Miss Goolrick: Don't write on the margins of your text-books. Put the notes in your note-books—that's what they're for.

Miss Hinman: Now, girls! I'm here to tell you if you loose any of these forty-five-cent scissors you've got to pay for them.

Miss Withers: I suspect some of you have been a little extravagant in using the butter today.

Miss Forbes: No!

The Climax of the Outline

(The result of a four years' course at S. N. S.)

The Letter.

I. HEADING.

1. State Normal School.
2. Fredericksburg, Va.
3. March 18, 1915.

II. SALUTATION.

1. Dear Father.

III. BODY OF LETTER.

1. State of my health—good.
2. Condition of my clothes—poor.
3. My chief occupation—studying *hard*.
4. My chief need—money.

(a) For hat.....	\$10.00
(b) For suit.....	25.00
(c) For shoes.....	5.00
(d) For gloves.....	3.00
(e) For pictures.....	10.00
(f) For Class Pin.....	5.00
(g) For commencement "rig".....	75.00 or more.

5. Inquiries—How are all at home?
6. Love to all.

IV. COMPLIMENTARY CONCLUSION.

1. Devotedly,
(a) Daughter.

V. P. S.—I forgot to say my board bill will be due next week, and I owe a bill at Feuerherd's for \$10.00.

MAKE NEW FRIENDS,
BUT KEEP THE OLD,
THOSE ARE SILVER,
THESE ARE GOLD.
BROW MAY WRINKLE,
HAIR GROW GREY,
TRUE FRIENDSHIP
NEVER KNOWS DECAY.

Alumnae Echoes



McCLELLAND, VA., February 6, 1915.

DEAR GIRLS.—

When I passed through Fredericksburg last fall en route here, I would have given anything in the world to stay there, for I had rather encounter snares and hardships with two hundred girls in the same fix than face it all alone in the wilderness. However, I didn't have my choice, so the latter has been my fate. The times my forty-two "dear little angels" (?) and I have would make a horse laugh. (I don't use such vulgar expressions in school.) I have children and old folks from the cradle to the grave. Lots of them are larger, and two older than I am; so you see my life is in danger if a strike should arise, unless I raise it. Don't tell Mr. Tyner, but I have whipped two children. If I didn't do that their parents would say they "aint a-learn'in' nothin';" so they haven't learned much if that is true. Begging Mr. Tyner's pardon, I never did believe there was much "Idealism in Education," and now I know there isn't a crumb of it; it's all just plain grinding.

What I want to know is, ought a teacher give twice as much as anyone else to everything going, from helping the Belgians to buying patent hair tonic? I can't keep a cent, but nobody ever expected it of me, if they knew me.

If this isn't too long I'd like to be sensible one minute and say that I'm getting on all right and love the work generally.

My best wishes to the class of '15 for every success and to the Faculty (including latest additions.)

Sincerely yours,

NANNIE C. OLIVER.

ELIZABETH JESSE writes that she is teaching the Black Haw School near Elmont, in Hanover county.

LUCILE BURTON is taking fourth-year work in the High School at her home. She contemplates returning to the Normal next year.

KATHLEEN WHITE has been trying her success at "farming," just a few miles from Richmond. She, also, has a small class of instrumental pupils and finds the work very interesting. She is much excited over the European War, and, being a patriotic Canadian, she expresses a desire to enlist if worst comes to worst.

Alumnae Echoes.

JENNIE COWELL has charge of a one-room school at the foot of the Blue Ridge mountains in Nelson County. She finds it difficult to train forty-one youngsters in the way that she wishes them to go.

ANNIE SCOTT writes that she is enjoying the work as teacher of the fifth grade in the Cheriton High School. Her attendance at several parties recently indicates that she finds time for other things besides teaching.

VERNA ROOKS is teaching the first grade in the Cheriton High School.

HILDA BROADDUS is instructing forty "stubborn" (?) children in the fourth, fifth and sixth grade work in the Marriott High School. Due to the fact that the principal is a "married man," she reports the work to be running quite smoothly.

ORA HARRIS is staying at home this winter. If the reports of Madame Rumor be true, a course in domestic science would prove invaluable to her in the near future.

JULIA KEATON is at present teaching in the third grade in Hampton, her home town. She took a course in wood-working at Columbia University last summer. She expects to continue the course next vacation.

CLARA VON HOFSTEN considers herself fortunate to be teaching school at her home near Petersburg. She is very much interested in teaching fifty-five talkative boys and girls of the first and second grades.

LOTTIE BROADDUS and Virginia Saunders are teaching in the High School at Jerrell, Caroline County.

SALLY NORRIS is a popular teacher in one of the third grades in the Fredericksburg Public School.

CORA ROWE is staying this year at her beautiful home, "Brompton," in Fredericksburg.

The KENNEDY sisters have positions as teachers in their home town, Mineral. Glimpses of their social life are revealed to us through the county paper.

RUTH POST is principal of a graded school at Mica, in Caroline County.

ANNIE LATANE WARE has the same position as last year—teacher of the fourth and fifth grades in the Church View High School, Middlesex County. She writes: "My pupils are interesting and keep my time well occupied. Sometimes they give some startling information such as the following:—The brain is found in the voice-box; the tonsils are on the tip of the tongue; to illustrate the difference between proper and common nouns—'All mules are mules, but Katy is one mule.'"

GRAHAM MASTIN writes that the call of the profession was so insistent that she is teaching this year in spite of her resolution to the contrary. She has work in every grade from the fourth to the ninth in the splendidly-equipped High School at Danielstown, in Brunswick County. Besides teaching, she says she is learning, among many

Alumnae Echoes.

things, how woefully ignorant she is. (Can this be true of the intellectual Miss Mastin?) She also confesses that the business of teaching is wonderfully interesting as revealed by the following experiences: A sixth grade pupil in reply to the question "Who is the present Governor of Virginia?" answered, "Woodrow Wilson is something, but I don't know what." Further questioning showed that none of the class knew more than that.—To the question "Who makes our laws?" one of the pupils gave the startling information, "The king of England." This after all the fighting of George Washington and our forefathers!

ORA GREEN informs us that after graduation she went to the mountains of Southwest Virginia to teach school. The "peculiar charm" of the hills induced her to return this year. Many amusing instances have occurred in her instruction of the "little mountaineers." One day on an English test she asked the question—"Explain the difference between the verbs, lay and lie." The following answer was given: "When you hear an old hen cackle, if you go to the nest and find an egg, she has laid, but if you do not find an egg she has lied." On another occasion a boy naming the New England States said "Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Connecticut, and 'Rhode Island Reds.' "

ETHEL JOHNSTON is principal of a graded school in Pittsylvania County. She thinks teaching is perfectly fine! A fine library has been obtained through her efforts.

ELIZABETH GORDON and ELIZABETH BILLINGSLEY, better known as "Beth" and "Bill," are teachers in the Chancellor High School in Spotsylvania County.

RUTH WILLIAMS is enjoying her work as a teacher in Prince George County.

ETTA DAVIS has charge of the first four grades in a two-room school near Ashland, Virginia and although many puzzling problems arise, she is happy in her work. She has an enrollment of forty-nine pupils and wonders if Miss Strong would attempt to make out a lesson plan for each recitation every day. One of her pupils in fourth grade geography announced one day that "Cattle are mined around Lake Superior." The third grade's knowledge of geography after a month's study of the subject consisted of the following, "My teacher is Miss Davis, and I am in the East Hemisphere."

HELEN MUNRO is putting her knowledge of Domestic Science learned here last session into practical application in several of the public schools of Florida. Many of her pupils are of Spanish descent. It is almost with envy that we think of her teaching in that Southern clime, where the sun always shines and flowers blossom in profusion all the year round.

JEAN GRAVES is at Richlands, Va., busy looking after fifty third-grade infants, one of whom is especially interesting—namely, "Billie Bab." One day he greatly shocked his teacher by giving the following information as to what

Alumnae Echoes.

"Confederates" are:—"Miss Graves, I know what them is! I seen some of 'em down here working on the road-machine, and they all wore striped clothes."

RUTH LORD is occupied with High School work in the same school with Jean. Evidently, she aspires to "higher" things than the rest of us.

KATHLEEN SCOTT, also, has charge of the young "hopefuls" of the first grade in this school. She particularly desires her Normal friends to note the fact that she is quite successful in her work, even to the point of captivating a young man's heart, but even then, she says no matrimonial ideas even enter her mind. Poor fellow!

Horror of horrors! All three report that at any hour of the day observers are likely to appear on the scene, but despite this lamentable fact, the work is exceedingly interesting and well-organized.

RUGBY ROAD, UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA.

Someone suggested that I make a good story of almost getting drowned at the beach last summer and being rescued by a handsome youth. The objection to this was that the hero in every short story (no matter how short the story be) always marries the heroine. The heroine in this case is still a school teacher and so turns to this side of her life in search of happenings.

My school is a private one, consisting chiefly of professors' children, twenty-three in number. We have a small building (three rooms) and quite a nice yard. This yard is the scene of many exciting games, "Prisoner's Base" especially. I have become such an enthusiast on the subject of this game that I rejoice when recess comes and the ground is dry enough to play.

Thanksgiving the children gave a play, entitled "The First Thanksgiving" and written by the highest English class, for the relief of the Belgians. The children made their own costumes with the help of the teachers. Much to our surprise, more than seven dollars were realized for this purpose. We are planning to have a Greek play in the spring.

HELEN LANE DANIEL.

JANE GARTH accepted a position last fall as teacher of the fifth and sixth grades in Louisa High School, where she taught four months. Being offered a better position, she left Louisa in January and is at present engaged in 2 B work in the city of Roanoke.

Alumniæ Echoes.

RICHMOND, VA.

Acting on the suggestion of Miss Gay Wilson, which was approved by President E. H. Russell, the members of the Fredericksburg State Normal Alumnae, who are teaching in Richmond and vicinity, met on December the eighteenth, and organized themselves into an association known as the "Richmond Chapter of the Fredericksburg State Normal Alumnae."

The purpose of the association is to promote social intercourse between its members and to assist in furthering the interests of the school.

The following officers were appointed for the ensuing year:—

GAY WILSON, President
ETHEL NASH, Vice-President

PAULINE PERRY, Secretary
MAE PERRIN, Treasurer

Members

HELEN PHILLIPS
ANNE HENRY
BUFORD LYNE

WINNIE WALKER
MRS. NETTIE MONTGOMERY DEADERICH
BEATRICE ASHLEY

CLARA VON HOFSTEN
BELLE PEARCE
MARY DEIERHOI

MARY LIN COLEMAN has been studying music this winter at the "School of Music" in Fredericksburg. She expects to graduate in Music, Theory and Harmony in June. In addition to being a student, she instructs several pupils in instrumental music.

JULIA RAIFORD is engaged in primary work in a graded school near Franklin, in Southampton County.

MARY ACREE has charge of fifty pupils in the first three grades in the Marriott High School, the school in which she herself graduated. She has had quite an experience traveling over the muddy roads this winter, but she is very fond of teaching and finds her work quite interesting.

WAVERLY LAWSON is the teacher of the third and fourth grades of the Hayes Store High School. She writes that she likes teaching, but had rather be a student at the "dear old" Normal School.

SARA TEMPLE SEGAR is teaching the first three grades in the Saluda High School. The "little" children are so interesting that she says she wouldn't teach any other grades for the world.

MAXIE ACREE writes that she is having many wonderful experiences as a teacher of the fourth, fifth and sixth grades in the Newton High School, King and Queen County.

Alumnar Echoes.

Imagine me, the youngest member of the Senior Class of 1914, going out into the country to teach! I arrived at the station in Farmville and visited the oldest Normal school in the state. Then came the drive of ten miles out in Buckingham County, where I was introduced to the school and children that I was to teach for a whole long session. This small school contrasted strangely with the large and well-equipped rooms of the Training School, where I had taught the previous year.

However, the first impression was not lasting, as I soon discovered that I had entered a most delightful community, and my work among the pupils and parents grew more interesting daily.

FLORA HILL.

P. S.—The entire Alumnae unanimously report that the Normal School training has proved invaluable to them in solving many difficult problems.

Cupid's Victims

IVA CELESTE BEACHBOARD
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NETTIE MOORE MONTGOMERY
AGNES MARGUERITE DOWDEN

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EMMA COPELAND LAWLESS
MARY GARNETT ALLEN

NELLIE PEARL PURKS

"THE
DAY
IS
SO
SOON
DONE
FOR,



THE:END

I
WONDER
WHAT
IT
WAS
BEGUN
FOR."

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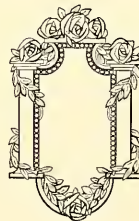
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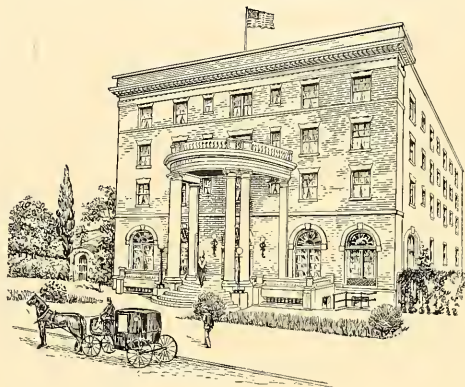
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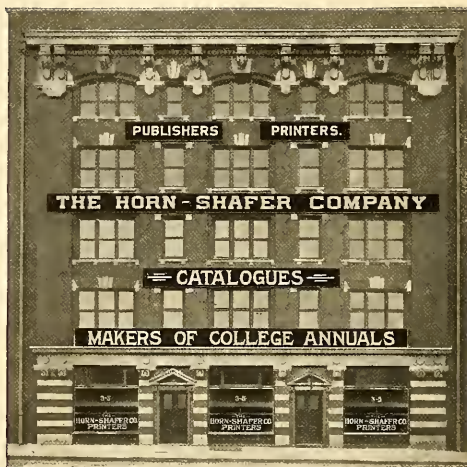
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